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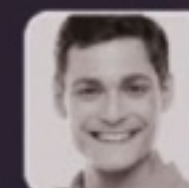
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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE

LETTERS



PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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SALUTATIONS



Cover Girl: February 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Uma Jolie

IT'S summertime—and the women are easy at *Penthouse Letters*! Temperatures are rising, literally and figuratively. There's just something about the season that makes people feel a little extra lusty, and we've assembled a collection of sizzling tales inspired by sweaty nights of the sordid variety.

In "Summer Swelter," this month's True Confessions, Joe Rayne turns up the heat and delivers a pair of tropical trysts that will stick in your memory long after the sun's heat fades. "Free Pass," this issue's Letter of the Month, celebrates a vacation from the everyday, as a husband allows his wife to indulge her passion with a muscular stranger who constructs the perfect one-night fling. And in "Comic Relief," Tyler Scope is everyone's hero as he gets graphic with the women of his dreams.

Be sure to dive into this month's selection of wicked letters, featuring candid confessions from cheating spouses, first-timers, wild wives and many more sexy sinners!

Have you had a hot hookup of your own? Share the love and tell us about it! Send stories about your fabulous flings to: letters@penthouse.com.

—The Editors

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EDITORIAL

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio
Contributing Editors Gram Ponante
Alison Tyler
Publisher Kelly Holland

ART

Creative Director Angela Derasmo
Art Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

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PRODUCTION

Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

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ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

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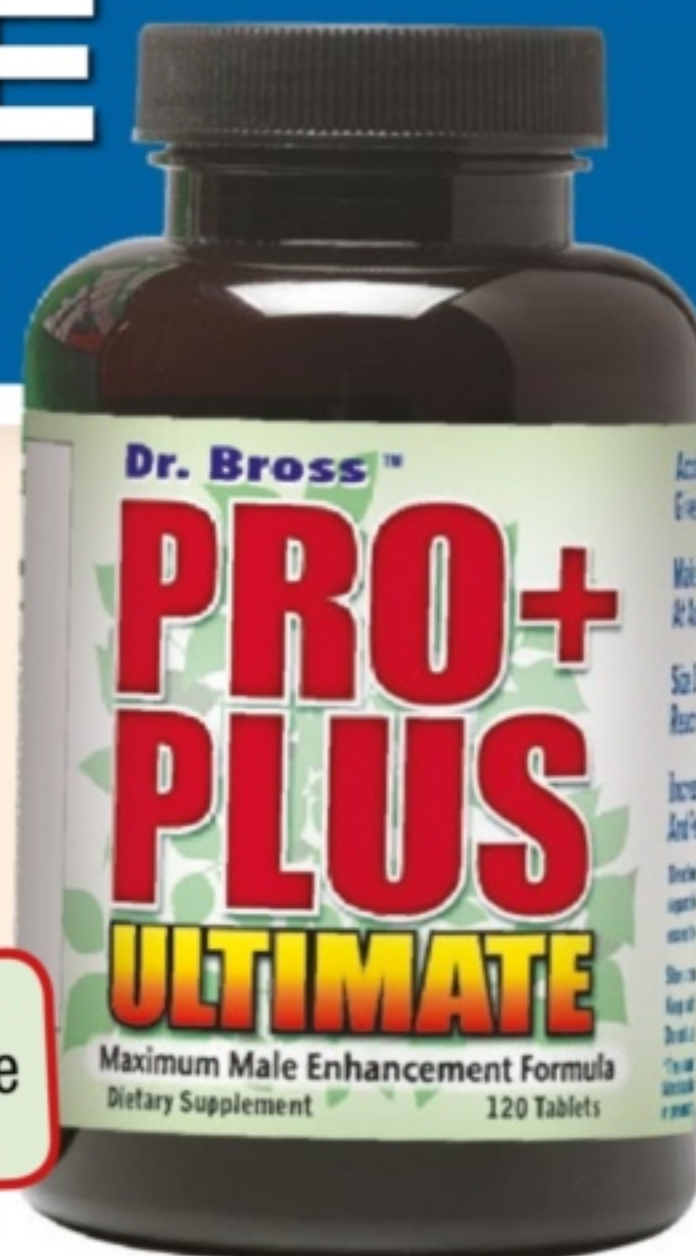
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LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT

■ REWIND

I found the videotape in the attic. I had completely forgotten I'd kept a copy. Waiting until my husband, James, was out of the house, I hooked up our old VCR, and with my throat tight with guilt, I watched the dirty movie I'd made back in college with a guy I barely knew.

It was like erotic time travel. At age 45, I'm still in great shape—owing to a steady regimen of exercise—but back then I was effortlessly lithe and nimble. I could bend into positions I hadn't tried with James in several years.

I watched myself fuck and suck onscreen, a carnal goddess of youth. I had never told James about this revealing bit of my past. He did have a prudish streak, and I was fairly certain seeing me with another guy would make him jealous beyond belief.

But I wanted to watch. I needed to watch. It was like some deeply hidden erotic compulsion had erupted from inside me, and I could no longer deny it. Not only could I not turn away, I was actually becoming aroused from watching me and Ken rolling around on the huge bed, the two of us getting deliciously tangled in the silk sheets as we screwed every which way. I remembered how his rock-hard cock had felt pounding my pussy, how the shaft had tasted in my mouth. And when I'd climaxed, I wasn't faking it. Ken actually made me come. I cried out rapturously, my orgasm recorded for the ages.

My mind was flooded with memories of that night, but I also remembered how much I'd liked him. I had hoped to hook up with him again—and maybe even go out on a date—but he was heading off to Europe for some kind of cycling adventure he'd had planned for months. I'd known his intentions going into our impromptu erotic adventure, but I was still wistful

about his departure and had hoped things would've worked out differently between us.

Alone in the house I watched Ken on the screen, his dark hair, his fine features, his healthy cock plowing the younger me. I wondered where he was these days, and images of the two of us flashed before my eyes. I couldn't help touching myself. By the time I'd fingered myself to a lovely nostalgic orgasm, I'd decided to try to find him.

Of course, the world had changed

**“I BOUNCED ON
HIM FASTER AS HE
THRUST UP INTO
ME WITH
CONVULSIVE
NEED.”**

since we'd made that videotape, which made locating him a cinch. A simple social media search turned up his profile, which included a picture of a fit, robust and devastatingly handsome man who set my pulse racing.

At first, I hesitated to contact him. It felt like cheating, but seeing that movie had woken deep feelings in me. James wouldn't understand. I wasn't even sure I could explain my need to him. My younger self had been wilder, more alive, and I missed that person. I think by contacting Ken, I was trying to find her again.

Ken responded with a gushing message within an hour after I'd reached out to him. Yes, of course, he remembered me and would love to see me again. He told me he traveled a lot for business and would be in a

city within driving distance of mine the following week. What a delicious turn of fate!

It felt like stepping out onto a high wire, but I concocted an elaborate lie and told James I had a last-minute business trip. Then I booked a hotel room and off I drove.

Ken and I met at a fancy restaurant. He looked as good as his profile pic, and we embraced like old friends. But sitting at the table with him, memories simmered and arousal hummed within me. My flesh tingled, and I realized I wasn't pining for the past. I wanted Ken as the man he was now.

“Do you ever regret that sex tape we made?” I asked when the meal was done. My voice quivered with excitement and nerves.

Ken gazed at me with what appeared to be longing. “Not once. I never did anything like that again, but...I'm glad that one time was with you.”

“Would you like to come to my room?” I blurted out, then waited anxiously for his answer.

“Yes, I was about to ask you the same thing.”

Ken settled the check, and we high-tailed it out of there, arriving at my hotel in ten minutes. When we were finally alone, I gazed at Ken, my body humming with desire. I realized my whole life status was about to change, from faithful wife to a cheating one. But I needed something from Ken that James couldn't give me.

I flung myself into Ken's arms, and our lips met. At first, our connection was almost demure, then I felt his passion rise like a tide, meeting my surging lust. We kissed deeper, lips parting and tongues tangling.

Ken's strong arms held me. I jammed my breasts against his muscular chest. I pressed my crotch against his unmistakable bulge, thrilled to be arousing him so intensely. I undid his shirt buttons. He tugged me out of my

blouse and bra. His squeezing hands coaxed mounting pleasures from my flesh. I sighed with excitement as he tweaked my hardened nipples. I rubbed harder against his crotch, and then reached for his fly.

Ken's cock sprang out into my hand, and I clutched the full lovely length of him. He groaned at my touch. With a well-practiced wiggle I sent my skirt sliding off my trim hips, and I stood before him in nothing but black thigh-high stockings. He stepped out of his slacks, giving me full access to his glorious cock. I pumped him with both hands while he reached down to finger my dripping pussy.

We moved onto the bed, which was almost as big as the one we'd played our erotic finale on years ago. Ken kissed my throat, and then feasted on my tits, sucking each nipple until I cried out. He moved farther down my body, and I opened my legs to him. My pussy trembled with anticipation. His dark-haired head set itself into place.

He ran his tongue up the sensitive skin of my inner thigh, and then I felt his hot breath on my wet, waiting lips. He licked my folds. I luxuriated in the sensations, reaching out to softly claw the bed on either side of me. When he swiped his tongue up my slit, I purred with pleasure.

But as he speared me with his tongue, more urgent joys overtook me. He delved into me more deeply. His skillful tongue teased my clitoris. My ass clenched beneath me. I reached a hand toward his head, grabbing his hair and mashing my pussy against his face. He ate me all the harder. Suddenly, I was quaking through a fierce climax as ecstasy lit my entire body.

Ken came up for air, and I pushed him onto his back and got between his legs, shouldering apart his muscular thighs. I cradled his balls with one hand, then swirled my tongue over his cockhead. He moaned at the contact.



LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT

I started sucking his impressive length into my mouth. He tasted just like I remembered: a clean, masculine tang.

I kept my tongue in motion as I swallowed his shaft all the way, deliberately relaxing my throat muscles so I could take his every inch. Just a week ago I had watched myself perform this very act on this same man. Film, memory and reality all converged. I was a college girl blowing a hot guy. I was a wife cheating on her husband with another man.

The past and the present all whirled together. The only sure thing was Ken's cock, so I kept sucking it, savoring his hardness. I gently fondled his balls while I blew him. His thighs hugged my shoulders, and I felt tension gathering within him. But before this encounter ended, I needed

to feel him plowing my pussy.

I moved suddenly, rolling over onto my back. Ken got the idea immediately, poising himself above me. He was such a beautiful male specimen, still at his physical peak. He plunged his cock inside my wet pussy, and my body snapped like a whip as pleasure cracked through me. I held on to his shoulders and drew my stockinged legs around his waist.

Ken fucked me deep, with long steady strokes that penetrated me to the core of my being. Erotic bliss blossomed within me, profound bursts of sexual delight. For a brief moment, I felt as wild and young and free as I had back in my college days, when this magnificent man had last fucked me.

My climax overtook me in an instant, and beautiful feelings quickly

overwhelmed me. I shook underneath Ken as he continued his steady stroking. He seemed positively inspired by my orgasmic delight. When the last intense wave had passed, I was left with the dull, echoing spasms of my ecstasy—but I still wanted more.

I maneuvered us into a new position. Ken lay back, and I climbed atop his staff. Lowering myself onto his resilient rod, I looked down at that handsome man. As I rode him, I watched his face twist into expressions of increasing ecstasy. I bounced on him harder and faster as he thrust up into me with convulsive need.

An instant before he started to jet, a fresh climax overtook me and flung me through the years, from my college-age past to this exciting present and onward into a tantalizing future. I milked every drop of cream from him, savoring the sensation of his warm spunk filling me.

Ken had helped me recapture some sense of self. Even if we never saw each other again, I would keep this day preserved forever in my mind, like a videotape on a shelf I could take down and watch any time.

—Name and address withheld

■ SEXUAL HEALING

I waited for Patrick to be asleep and then went to the bathroom. My fingers shook as I texted the number marked as Doc D on my phone: "Can't sleep. Thinking too much." I took a deep breath and then filled a glass with cold water from the faucet before taking a long swig. All night my thoughts had been of my therapist. His first name was Kevin, but to me he was Doc D—and an obsession. The first time I'd kissed him, he'd gone all pink and angry-looking. But when I'd tried to apologize, he grabbed my shoulders



and kissed me again, his whole demeanor drenched in a shameless kind of need.

The first time I'd sucked his cock was after I'd told him about the lack of interest I had in sex with my husband.

The first time he'd eaten my pussy, I'd just finished explaining how I felt resentful, bored and trapped in my marriage.

The first time we'd fucked, I'd just finished telling him about a burned dinner and a big fight, and when I came, I cried and laughed at the same time.

Our once-a-week sessions had turned to three-a-week hookups. Though I still got my therapy, I also got fucked—good and thoroughly. It was everything I needed, emotionally and physically.

I almost cried out when the phone vibrated in my hand, letting me know I'd gotten a response. I looked down to read the text: "Come see me." My heart leapt.

I wanted to have the urge to say no, and yet I couldn't find a single flicker of desire to decline him. I simply rattled off an "on my way" and then quietly got dressed. My pussy pulsed in time with my rapidly beating heart.

The guilt and the danger somehow sweetened the sex for me. Every orgasm was like the sun exploding. Every flick of his finger on my clit made me writhe madly. The feel of his mouth on me caused my brain to shut down, and when I came, the whole world was bathed in beautiful light.

I hurried down the steps—avoiding the creaky one—and found my keys and purse. I wasn't worried about Patrick noticing my absence. He slept like the dead. And if he did wake up, he'd simply assume I'd sought refuge on the sofa. Sometimes he snored, and that night we'd had a fight, which means he'd make up his own reasons for why I wasn't there next to him.



“HE SUCKED MY CLIT, DRAWING ON IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN UNTIL HE STOLE MY BREATH.”

It was completely unnecessary and yet delicious to pop the Jeep into neutral and let it roll down the incline of the driveway before starting the engine.

I felt like I was in a movie—a movie where the heroine finds the man who ignites all her inner passions, gets fucked the way she deserves and falls head over heels in love.

Only I was pretty sure I wasn't in love. I was in full-blown lust. And now that I'd had a taste of incredible, illicit sex, I'd be hard pressed to let it go.

The trip to Doc D's house was short, but every minute felt like a year. When I pulled into his driveway, I caught the silhouette of him standing in the upstairs window. Watching. Waiting for me.

A thrill ran through me, and I cut the engine and hurried up the walk. The door was unlocked. I secured it behind me and hurried up the steps.

I ran right into him. It was like hitting a brick wall—a brick wall that grabbed me tight and kissed me. His hand snaked up my back, his palm ultimately settling on the nape of my neck. He cradled me like I was his possession. And I was.

He pushed my leggings down before I could even draw a breath. His knees hit the carpet, and he shoved me flat against the hallway wall. He drew his hands up my inner thighs, inhaled the scent of me, and then began placing kisses along my inner thighs and over my mound. I tilted my hips forward, begging him without words to lick me, but the kisses turned to bites—small sharp nips that sparked against my tender skin like bursts of fire. I shivered and tugged his hair.

Doc D took pity on me and delivered one hard, swift lick. Breath rushed out of me, and I leaned my upper body heavily against the wall.

"Hurry," I said. I didn't know why. There was no need to hurry, but I wanted that orgasm so bad nothing else mattered.

"Hush," he mumbled, before slipping his tongue along my wet folds. Then he began tracing concentrated circles around and over my throbbing clit. His hands crept up beneath my oversized tee, and he cupped my heaving breasts. His tongue settled in a swirling motion that made me lightheaded and restless. I was so close to coming my thighs were shaking uncontrollably.

He pinched my nipples roughly, and

LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT

I cried out, thrusting my hips forward and causing my pussy to bump his sharp teeth. He chuckled, and then the hands that cradled my breasts fell away. He held my hip with one hand, and the other slipped between my thighs. He sucked my clit, drawing on it over and over again until he stole my breath. Then he drove two thick fingers into my cunt, thrusting and curling them repeatedly until my pleasure became an urgent, demanding thing. I crested the wave of bliss, and then fell crashing down as bliss hit me full force. My cunt milked his fingers, wetness rushing from me like a river.

There's my girl," he said, drawing me down to the hallway floor with him. We'd fucked just about everywhere in his small home, but this was new.

He yanked off his pajama pants, and his cock—hard, thick and long—sprang free. I moaned and moved down his body, flicking my tongue over his jutting hipbones. I ran my teeth along his abs and watched those muscles flicker and jump from the sensation.

"Suck my dick," he hissed, grabbing

a handful of my short hair and moving my mouth until it hovered right above his cock. He was a quiet, reserved man in session, so hearing him be gruff and crude never failed to turn me on. I inhaled his cock greedily, sliding my mouth down his smooth, warm shaft until my lips hit the roughness of his pubic hair. I inhaled his scent and felt my pussy flood with even more wetness.

He snarled, seeming more animal than man. In response, I whimpered,

**"EVERY STROKE
PUSHED ME
CLOSER TO
CLIMAX. MY BODY
WAS PRIMED FOR
ORGASM."**

moving my mouth as quickly as I could, hearing my own quick inhalations and gasps for air. I squirmed on the floor, my pussy fluttering with leftover echoes of my orgasm. I wanted him inside me so badly I could barely think.

I moved so that I knelt between his splayed legs, driving my mouth down his erection like a demon. Then I used my tongue to swirl and lap at the head before slipping lower to lick his balls. When I drew my rigid tongue along his length and then sucked hard on the tip, he grabbed my head in his big hands, covering my ears, and tugged me up his body.

The world was muffled until he let go of me. The dim light and the muted sound aided the illusion that we were in our own bubble of time and space. That this reality was nothing more than the two of us.

He pushed me onto my hands and knees and knocked my legs apart. His fingers drove back into my cunt, and my body clutched him greedily. I yelped when I felt his teeth on my right ass cheek. The startling wasp sting could only mean he'd bitten me. When he repeated the action on the left cheek, I let out a helpless, happy sigh.

His tongue grazed my asscrack, and then he was dropping hot kisses along my lower back as he fucked me wildly with his fingers. He wanted another orgasm from me quickly before we fucked; I could tell. That meant he was very close to losing control, and that knowledge sent a shiver up my spine and a hot curl of pleasure swirling through my center.

Doc D's fingers delved into me over and over, nudging my G-spot. He zeroed in on the perfect place to touch me, as if he had a secret map to my body that I didn't even possess. He nipped me erratically and repeatedly—small sharp bites that kept me on edge and off guard because predicting them was just about impossible.



"Come for me. I want to feel your cunt grip my fingers. I want to hear that sound you make..."

I moaned at the words. The filthy talk. The way he played me like a well-loved instrument.

"Yes," I whispered as his fingers nudged me again and again. "God, fuck, yes..." And then I lost track of my words because I was coming, every spasm hitting me like a bolt of lightning.

Doc D grunted and flipped me onto my back. He spread my legs and came down between them. His cock pressed against the cleft of my sex. He liked a lot of things, but he especially liked to come while we were face-to-face. He liked to fuck me and watch my expression as he climaxed.

I pulled my legs up high to open my body to him. His handsome features were locked in intense concentration as he drove his shaft into me. His arms quivered as he held his body above mine. His trim hips pistoned as he fucked me. Every stroke pushed me closer to yet another climax. My body was plump and wet and primed for orgasm.

He let his full bodyweight press me down and shoved his big hands beneath my ass to angle me and hold me just right. I gasped, moving my hips upward as much as I was capable. Every thrust drove his pubic bone against my clit. His cock brushed my most tender places, and the bang and thump of his body against my button were just what I needed. I held his shoulders, pressed my lips to his ear and felt the crushing burn of trying to draw in air with his full weight settled on me.

"Yes," I said. "There."

And it was there: The feel of his hands squeezing my ass just a hair too hard, his dick sliding within my slick, swollen channel, and his breath hot on my shoulder. The knowledge that it was the middle of the night, and we had met



just to fuck, just for the thrill and the pleasure of it all.

"Come with me," he grunted. He stared down at me, his dark eyes even more intense in the gloom. "Come..."

And then he was coming and so was I, my body matching him tremble for tremble.

I caught my breath, and he moved off me.

"Go home now. Go to bed." He helped me up and kissed me once. "I'll see you tomorrow for your appointment."

"Yes, Doctor D," I said and hurried back out into the night.

—N.W., via email

■ PRIVATE DANCER

Some years ago I was working my way through college as a dancer in a gentleman's club. The pay was great, but of course not all the men I met were gentlemen—however some were.

One guy in particular showered

me with attention. He came to the club alone and was always dressed immaculately. He was never rude—just bought a drink and politely offered the dancers dollar bills. He didn't even insist on shoving them into our G-strings. He took a shine to me and purchased lots of private dances, which aren't cheap. Eventually, he came two or three nights a week and only had eyes for me. He must have spent a couple of grand on private audiences with me. After a while, I didn't even have to dance; we just talked, which was nice.

He only knew me as "Bambi," but I told him all about my life, and he told me about his. He was divorced and came to the club to alleviate his loneliness.

I broke a cardinal rule of strippers and dated him. And then I married him. It's a perfect arrangement. He provides me with luxury—he turned out to be incredibly wealthy—and I provide him with sex. I'm also arm candy for his many corporate events, something else I really love. He always looks so damn proud to watch his business colleagues get a load of me in a low-cut dress. Of course, his family hates me. His adult children

LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT



are older than I am. But most of the time you can't wipe the smile off his face, especially when I'm sucking his cock.

My husband is a gentle, affectionate lover, and I do adore him. But lately the sex is getting more infrequent. Every week or so he'll pop a Viagra, and it will be great. But I've always been a girl who is cock-hungry and likes it rough. After a few sweet months of marriage, I realized I would have to step out in order to get fucked good and hard. Yes, I'm cheating. Does he suspect? Maybe, but he hasn't said anything. I will never tell him, lest I ruin this relationship. You may call me a gold-digger, but I think we each get what we want out of our relationship.

My husband works long hours and takes many business trips, so my opportunities for stepping out are plentiful. I usually go for studs about

my own age—under 30—with muscles and an air of danger. We live on the coast near a beach, and I've found that I love me some surfer dude. They are athletic, devil-may-care and always up for a hot fuck.

You've heard of the world's shortest book, right? It's called *How to Pick Up Men*. It has only one page with the come-on: Wanna fuck? Well, with surfers I don't even have to say it. I just kind of look at them a certain way—and boom!

I did a little surfing myself a while ago, so I got back into it just to greet some meat. I got to know all the guys at the beach who surfed regularly, and it soon became known that I was ready, willing and able to be more than friends. There was one guy in particular who really made me wet. His name was Kyle. He

was long and lean and had a shaved head and some beautiful ink. He was like a god of the waves.

It didn't take much to convince Kyle to follow me back to my house. My husband was home, but he takes an Ambien every night at ten and was out like a light. Kyle and I did some skinny-dipping in the pool, and in minutes we were standing in the shallow end, kissing up a storm. I was stroking Kyle's cock, and he was fondling my ass.

He lifted me up onto the edge of the pool and licked my pussy. He was really into it, and boy, was he good. I climbed onto a chaise longue and sat with him standing before me. The pale moonlight and the underwater lights of the pool cast interesting shadows, but I could tell that Kyle had the most beautiful cock I'd ever beheld. I couldn't get enough. I sniffed it, licked it, sucked it, and stroked it. I don't know how long I worshiped it. Was it 20 minutes? An hour? Time lost all meaning.

I could have sucked him a lot longer, but Kyle wanted me on my back. He dove between my legs once more, his questing tongue flicking my clit and running between my lips before dipping down to skirt my asshole. I had my first orgasm with him right there under the stars, flooding his mouth with my juice. He told me my juice tasted like champagne.

I took him by the hand and led him indoors. I wanted to feel Kyle's cock inside me, and there was a further thrill of doing it in the guest bedroom, right next door to where my husband was sleeping. This time Kyle sat on the bed, and I got on my knees in front of him and resumed my oral worship of his dick. His shaft was as thick as my wrist, and as long as a jumbo frank. I pride myself on my cock-sucking skills, and judging by Kyle's moans, he was enjoying my work. To give my mouth a rest, I occasionally put his spit-slick cock between my boobs and let him titty-fuck me.

“HE FUCKED ME LIKE A PRO. EVERY THRUST OF HIS COCK ROCKED MY WORLD.”

Once again Kyle took control and picked me up off the floor, placing me on my back on the bed. My legs were like a wishbone as he licked my pussy some more. Then he did something my husband never does: He tongued my asshole. Kyle really went to town, swabbing my anus and making my head spin. While he did this, I rubbed my clit frantically, making my arousal spiral higher. I was so turned on I thought I might swoon.

Kyle climbed aboard the bed and sank that bratwurst of his into my hungry cunt. He fucked me slow at first, as I stretched to accommodate his fat hog, but then he built up a nice rhythm and fucked me like a pro. Every thrust of his cock rocked my world. Then he withdrew and hoisted my legs onto his shoulders. I learned he was really an assman as he slicked up his dick with spit and placed it against my asshole.

He shot me with a questioning look, and I breathlessly said, “Go for it.”

I’m not an anal virgin by any means, though I knew I had never had a cock that big in my backdoor. But I was super turned on and ready to give it a go. Moving slowly and carefully, Kyle worked his monster into my asshole, his cock fitting like a key in a lock. I kept rubbing my clit, and as he reamed me, I built toward an orgasm that shook me from my nose to my toes. I

almost fell off the bed.

Kyle and I both wanted more. He lay on his back, and I climbed aboard in a reverse cowgirl, taking him in my ass once more. I placed my feet on his knees, and he held me firmly by the waist, moving me up and down for a smooth ride. It felt so fucking dirty, like we were on a porn set.

We could only hold that position for so long before we had to take a break. He was still rock-hard, so after a quick clean-up I sucked his dick some more. I wanted to deep-throat him, but he was certainly a challenge. I felt like a boa constrictor swallowing an alligator, my jaws opening to an impossible size. But before long, my nose was nuzzling his groin, and I had accomplished my goal.

Kyle was ready to come. He climbed up on his knees, and I turned over onto my back and swiveled around, so his balls were above my forehead. His cock jutted out over my nose, and when he came, his load poured out of him like a faucet into my open mouth. I savored it like a fine Merlot. Every guy’s cream tastes different, and his was delicious.

With his flavor still on my tongue, I snuck next door to make sure my husband was still asleep. He was snoring like a buzz saw. I went back

to the bed in the guest room and crept under the covers next to Kyle. He surprised me by kissing me flush on the mouth. We slept a little, and then I awoke to him playing with my pussy. I told him I needed to feel him shooting inside my cunt, so he fucked me doggy-style.

Kyle grabbed me by the hair, and I moaned and grunted as he plowed me. My lover was not only a surfer god; he was a fuck god. He made me come, and then shortly thereafter filled my honeypot with his hot load.

By that point, the first pink of dawn was coming over the horizon, and he left before we could be discovered. We would definitely get together again.

Exhausted, I slipped naked into bed with my husband. When he awoke I was lying next to him, snuggling him. I do love him, but I need more. If that makes me a terrible person, so be it.

—B.E., Santa Monica, California

Is your relationship open? Since you like to share, why not share your story? Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SO, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





SWEET ESCAPE

AVA AND RYAN'S SEX-DRENCHED GETAWAY
FULFILLED THEIR DIRTIEST DREAMS.













“RYAN KNOWS EXACTLY HOW
TO SATISFY ME!”

—AVA









LETTERS

▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

■ MIRROR GAME

The psychology department at the university I attended was offering money to students who volunteered to participate in a study. I was running low on cash so I signed up. College wasn't quite the pussy-filled paradise I'd been expecting it to be. There were plenty of hot-looking women around, but it seemed my every waking hour was spent in class or studying.

I had managed to develop at least one severe crush. Nicolette was in one of my classes, and I saw her everywhere on campus. She had sparkling dark hair, an easy smile and a smoking-hot body. But every time I was around her, I turned into an awkward idiot and could barely manage to say hello.

But my money troubles were more urgent than my unrequited lust. So when I saw the flyers from the psych department promising a sizable payoff for one afternoon's work, I jumped at the opportunity for some quick cash.

It wasn't as simple as just agreeing to participate, I discovered. I was called into an office, where a woman with a clipboard asked me an increasingly intimate series of questions about my love life and sexual history.

She wore a tight blouse that was unbuttoned enough to reveal the enticing upper swells of her tits. She gave me smoldering looks over a pair of eyeglasses that made her appear like a sexy librarian, and she spoke in a breathy voice that got my cock stirring in my jeans.

As she wrote down my replies to her probing questions, she gave smirks of satisfaction and soft purrs of delight. She wanted to know if I'd experienced anal sex, oral sex or threesomes. I answered her honestly, afraid they'd somehow check my responses and disqualify me if I'd lied. I didn't want to risk losing that paycheck! Before long, I even found myself admitting to my recent crush on Nicolette.

When the interviewer started to quiz me on my most recent sexual partner, however, I felt she'd really crossed a line.

"Did you ever come on her tits?" my sexy interrogator asked.

"Excuse me?" I replied, startled by her crude remark. "Did you ever"—she took off her glasses and gazed at me with sultry eyes—"take that cock of yours out of her pussy at the last second and spray your jizz all over her heaving titties? Maybe even on her face? Did she open her mouth to catch the sweet milky drops on her tongue?" To demonstrate she put out her own tongue, wagging it at me.

Lust surged in me. All my weeks of deprivation seemed to collect in me at once. I wanted to fuck this woman right there on her desk and pump my spunk on her face, just like she seemed to be begging me to do.

But I suddenly realized how phony the moment seemed to be. With a knowing smile, I said, "This is bullshit. This is a test, isn't it?" I felt like I'd solved a very difficult puzzle.

She dropped the act immediately, putting the glasses back on and assuming a professional air. "Not quite, Vince. But you're astute enough to qualify for the study." She told me where to report to the following day and dismissed me.

That preliminary meeting shook me up, but I was determined to handle whatever these clever psych people threw at me. I showed up at the building and was led to a barren room with one see-through wall that was a floor-to-ceiling window into the adjacent space.

My erstwhile lusty librarian gave me the tour. She wasn't doing her seductive shtick that day. She was all business. I was on guard for any tricks, but obviously I didn't know what to expect.

"This isn't regular glass," she said, nodding at the transparent wall. "It's a one-way mirror. You can see into the next room, but nobody in there can see you. It's soundproof, so they can't hear you. But"—she pointed to a panel beside the mirror—"you can press the button and briefly talk to whoever's in there, or flip the switch to leave audio communication



open for an extended period.”

She disappeared out without another word. There was nothing for me to do so I just stood there, trying not to get too nervous. The neighboring room was as empty as mine.

It remained unoccupied. After several minutes I began to pace. I wondered if they just wanted to see how I behaved in this boring setup without any further factors introduced. I tried not to second-guess too much.

Finally, the door opened in the other room and someone entered. It was Nicolette! She looked around curiously. When her eyes fell on the glass, I started to lift my hand to wave, but her gaze didn’t register me. She was only seeing her reflection.

It was a strange experience to watch her like that, knowing she couldn’t see me at all. She looked pretty today, like she always did. She wore jeans and a sweater. Her dark hair spilled to her shoulders. Like me, she started to pace after a minute, moving with a lithe ease. I thought of the tongue-tied times I’d tried to talk to her. Next time, I promised myself, I wouldn’t be such a geek. I would ask her out.

Nicolette stopped in front of her mirror, almost directly opposite me. She studied her reflection, then smiled. She tugged on the sweater, pushing out her full breasts, turning to see herself at different angles. I couldn’t help gazing longingly at her tits.

Still smiling, she lifted her hands and cupped her breasts. I watched, stunned and excited, as her fingers squeezed the full firm mounds. It aroused her as well. The smile slipped away, and it was replaced with a look of lust. Dumbstruck, I stared at her kneading those sweet tits.

When she drew the sweater off over her head—leaving her naked from the waist up—my first instinct was to turn away. But I couldn’t tear my eyes off her as she continued to play with her creamy tits. She tweaked her nipples into hardness, still staring at her own



reflection, evidently excited by the image. I couldn’t blame her.

My cock uncoiled into a blazing hard-on inside my pants. My heart beat fast, and my skin tingled all over. Still fondling herself, she slipped one hand down into her jeans. My jaw actually dropped as I saw her fingers move beneath the denim. Her mouth opened on what looked like a moan of pleasure.

I wanted to watch her more. Every cell in my body wanted to see her play with herself. But I couldn’t violate her privacy like that. I lunged toward the button on the wall and said, “Stop, Nicolette! That’s not a mirror—it’s one-way glass. I can see you!”

She froze. Confused, she asked, “Vince, is that you?”

Despite the situation, I was thrilled she recognized my voice. I hit the switch to keep the channel open. “Yes. They didn’t tell me this was going to happen. I’m really sorry.”

She paused. She didn’t reach for her sweater on the floor. After a moment, much to my surprise, her smile returned. She said, “Don’t be sorry. They told me to do whatever I wanted in here. Well, I feel like touching myself. I don’t care if these perverts see. I’m getting paid either way.”

Defiantly, she kicked off her shoes before unfastening her jeans and sliding

**“HER HIPS
GYRATED AS SHE
GROUND DOWN
ONTO HER FINGERS.
SHE MOVED
BEAUTIFULLY.”**

them down her legs. She stood naked and grinning and began slowly turning her stunning figure, letting me capture her from all angles. Her body was utterly beautiful.

“You should do whatever you want, too, Vince,” she said. Amazed excitement flooded through me as she planted her feet at least shoulder width apart and started trailing her fingertips up and down her exposed pussy lips. She pinched her nipples harder and released a sweet groan.

My cock throbbed painfully. I rubbed myself through my pants, sending shivers through my body. Nicolette delved her fingers inside herself. I saw her juices glistening on her knuckles. Unable to

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▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

resist any longer, I tore open my fly, pulled out my cock and started jerking it. But that wasn't enough. I wanted to be naked like she was. I flung away my clothes and stepped right up to the glass, grunting with excitement.

"Are you touching yourself, too, Vince?" she asked, panting.

"Yeah!" I pumped my meat as she worked her pussy. Her gorgeous body was just a few feet away. "I bet you've got a sweet cock! I wish it was in my pussy right now!"

I fervently wished that as well. Though we were separated, and she couldn't even see me, I felt a strong connection to her. That she was willing to display herself like this had to mean she liked me. The thought definitely added to my excitement.

Her hips gyrated as she ground herself down onto her fingers. She moved

beautifully, lean muscles tightening and flexing. I could hear the squelching sounds of wetness as she fingered herself harder and faster. I pulled on my cock, pleasure skittering up and down my body. I wished she could see me.

"Fuck me, Vince!" she shouted.

"I'm fucking you!"

She took her hand off her tits and pressed it against the glass. I put my hand on the same spot, imagining I could feel the warmth of her skin. She was reaming out her pussy with three fingers now. Her face twisted into a savage ecstasy. Her glazed eyes looked past me, but I was convinced she was picturing me. When we got out of this crazy place, I wanted to touch her, hold her, kiss her.

"You fuck me so good!" she cried. Then I saw the long deep shudder take hold of her beautiful bare body. My view of

her was total. I could actually watch the orgasmic energy course through every part of her. Her muscles bunched. Her face flushed a hearty red. She opened her mouth and howled. I was mesmerized and continued to pump myself.

Still trembling, she slid her fingers out of herself and smeared the dripping digits across her heaving tits. Then she ran her moist fingers over her lips.

That sight sent me right over the edge. A splatter of spunk hit the glass as bliss overwhelmed me. Pleasure hit me convulsively as my initial jet was followed by half a dozen more. My come liberally sprayed the wall.

I staggered back. Suddenly, I was aware that Nicolette was looking directly into my eyes through the glass.

"It's not really a one-way mirror," she said, grinning. "They said I could take this experiment as far as I wanted to. With you, I wanted to go all the way. I hope you're not mad!"

I wasn't. I grinned back through the pearl-flecked window. I couldn't wait until we could touch, but our time together had already been something very special.

-V.R., Boston, Massachusetts

■ HEY, NEIGHBORS!

I was walking the dog the first time I saw them fucking. My pet liked to sniff everything along the route. Of course he did, he's a dog. But he especially liked the empty house on the corner that'd had a for-sale sign on it for ages. Since it was uninhabited, wildlife felt free to explore the yard at night, which meant the place smelled great to Baxter. I'd follow diligently as he sniffed along the perimeter and the trash bins and even the back porch steps. When Baxter sniffed the bushes that bracketed the ground-level basement windows, I tried not to be too annoyed. And then I tried to comprehend what I was seeing.



The basement was obviously under construction. I assumed the people I saw down there were the ones responsible. But at that moment they weren't changing a damn thing in the basement. They were fucking like rabbits.

The guy was big and brawny with a tattoo of an anchor on his right forearm. He had a buzz cut and his jaw was firmly set as he drove into a woman from behind like he was trying to fuck her into another dimension. But she didn't seem to mind. Not at all. Her head was tossed back, her long dark hair mussed and her mouth open.

If I strained my ears I could just barely hear her sounds of pleasure, and my dick stiffened in my pants.

The man grabbed a fistful of that long dark hair. Her upper body was splayed across what appeared to be a newly installed mini bar.

She wasn't just taking the pounding, though. She was driving her trim body back to take him deeper. He put one hand possessively on her hip as he fucked her. I could hear the occasional grunt from him.

He yanked her hair and drove into her one more time, and then she was coming. Her whole body bucked, her cries became utterly audible, and then he went stiff and let out a bellow that made Baxter raise his head and bark.

They both looked up, and I hurriedly turned my back. I wanted them to think I was just some guy walking his dog. Because that's how it started, after all. I'd only been walking my dog.

I glanced toward the driveway. No car. But parked in front of the house were two vehicles I didn't recognize: a small red pickup truck and a white SUV. Something told me they belonged to the couple in there...well, coupling.

I hurried off, dragging Baxter with me. "You can sniff that yard later," I told him.

I would be keeping an eye out for those vehicles, though. I wanted to see if this was a regular thing between red



“SHE FLICKED AT HIS DICK WITH HER TONGUE AND THEN TOOK HIM IN HER MOUTH.”

pickup and white SUV.

When I got home I went to my room, found my lube and laid down on the bed. I shut my eyes and relived the whole thing. Watching her take it hard and fast. Listening to her come. Listening to him grunt like an animal as he fucked her. I jerked my cock and came with a gruff cry and realized just how much I was hoping I'd stumble over that couple again.

Two days later I got lucky. This time when Baxter led me toward the window I went without argument. This time the woman was on her knees sucking the guy's cock for all she was worth. Her brightly painted red lips drove down his thick shaft repeatedly. I could see her nostrils flare with every inhalation. She worked his cock with her hand, too, jacking him vigorously as she kissed her way back to tongue his balls.

I bit my tongue and held my breath and watched until the guy came with his hand tugging her hair. He pulled out at the very end, and the final spurt of his come splashed her full lips. I jogged Baxter around the block and then went home and masturbated fast and hard. It wasn't difficult to get to the tipping point with that mental movie playing in my head.

My girlfriend Brianna came over the next day. "What's up with the lube?"

I blinked. "What?"

"The lube," she said, pointing to the bottle on the nightstand.

"I...um..."

"Was jerking off?" She laughed, elbowing me roughly.

"Yeah."

"When you have a perfectly good girlfriend?" She was kidding, of course, but I felt the need to confess.

I told her everything. About the basement remodel, the guy, the brunette, the fucking, the sucking and then the hurried and feverish masturbation. I stood there, staring at her, waiting for her reaction.

She studied me and then grabbed my hand. "Let's go," she said.

"Go where?"

"To see if they're at it," she said excitedly.

My girlfriend is smart. When I started to direct her to the one small window Baxter always led me to, she grabbed my hand and dragged me in the opposite direction. "This one is completely in

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shadows," she whispered, pointing to a second basement window.

I shook my head. How had I not noticed that myself?

"Less chance of being seen." She squatted down and peered in the window. I squatted right next to her.

I heard her breath catch because there they were. Going at it. This time he had her bent over a sawhorse. Her butt was in the air as he slid his cock along her slit. We had a perfect view of her ripe ass and her rosy red cunt. He teased her entrance a while longer before finally pushing the tip of his cock inside her.

She wriggled there on the sawhorse, moving her ass in an enticing way as she tried to egg him on.

"Fuck her," Brianna whispered. Then she laughed softly. In the darkness her hand found mine, and she squeezed. He finally did fuck her. He slid into her slow and easy. Their coupling seemed less hurried today, and I wondered if we were early or if they had more time.

He held her hips and fucked her

slow and steady while she rocked back against him, taking him deep. She turned her head and said something to him, and he smiled. Then his hand came down fast and hard on her right ass cheek. Even from where I stood I could see a palm print bloom on her pale skin. He smacked her repeatedly until she tossed her head back with a look of rapture. Then he grabbed a handful of her hair and tugged. Her neck arched, but her body moved

**"SHE WASN'T
JUST TAKING THE
POUNDING. SHE
WAS DRIVING HER
BODY BACK TO
TAKE HIM."**

faster, driving back to meet his every thrust. Her pussy swallowed his cock each time he plunged into her.

Brianna leaned over and whispered, "He likes to pull out almost all the way and then plunge into her. Like you do to me." Then her hand found my hard cock, and she squeezed through my pants.

I observed the couple and saw she was right. He nearly withdrew with every retreat, but at the last second he drove back into her harshly. His hands gripped her hips tight, and she tossed her head like she was in the throes of pleasure, which she obviously was.

Brianna knelt next to me, and then I heard her zipper opening.

"Bri—" She cut me off with a kiss.

"Shut up and fuck me. What's the fun of watching two people get it on if you can't follow suit?"

I heard the whisper of her jeans coming down, though I could barely see her. I had no idea why these people were renovating this house so late at night. The sun didn't go down until after eight o'clock. Maybe it was the only time they had. Maybe they were the owners, and they were doing it after their regular jobs let out. Maybe—I forgot the rest of my maybes because Bri shoved her hand down into my shorts and grabbed my cock.

"Did you hear what I said?" she hissed, squeezing me again.

"I did." I grabbed her hair and tugged her to me. She let out a sigh as I kissed her, my tongue raking over hers.

"Get in front of me," I said.

She got on her hands and knees, and I admired her pale ass as it glowed in the meager moonlight. I could see over her shoulder into the basement as the couple continued to fuck. I heard the faint sounds of the woman crying out, and then he was flipping her. She leaned back against the sawhorse, and he dropped to his knees. He knocked her legs wider and proceeded to eat her pussy eagerly. Her hands shoved into his dark hair, and she



thrust her hips forward, meeting his lips and tongue with her body.

I slid into Bri easily. She was soaking wet and as tight as hell. Her pussy gripped me as I thrust deep.

"Yes, fuck me. Fuck me," she whispered in the darkness.

Somewhere in the neighborhood a dog howled, and Bri laughed.

The guy pushed his fingers into the woman's cunt. He drove them in and out as roughly as he'd fucked her. But his mouth never left her crotch, and finally, her back arched and she cried out again in orgasmic triumph.

Bri pushed back against me. I could tell she was close—very close—but trying not to come. I grabbed her long hair and held her as I fucked her.

"Faster," she grunted.

I fucked her faster and bent my body over hers as I bit her shoulder. She hissed again, and her pussy grew even tighter.

The guy inside stood and traced the tip of his cock over the woman's lips. She flicked at his dick with her tongue and then took him in her mouth. She sucked him slowly, holding his lean hips in her hands as she knelt on the floor.

I grabbed ahold of Bri's hips and pistoned in and out of her, barely holding on.

The woman sucked him like she was starving for his cock. Her hands slid restlessly up and down his thighs, and then she cupped his balls and squeezed. His head fell back, and I felt pressure build in my own balls. I wanted to empty into Bri so bad, and yet I wanted her to come first. And I wanted to see the couple's finale.

The guy drove his cock into the woman's mouth as he held her head in his hands. And then he growled so loud it was audible through the thin glass window. Bri gave a soft cry and then her cunt was spasming around me, milking my cock and pushing me past my limit.

"Jesus," I growled, way too loud. I



shot my load and then froze as the couple in the basement looked up. We were in the dark, and they were in the light; there's no way they could see us, but we hurried to put ourselves together and ran anyway.

Bri giggled the whole way back to my place.

"That was close," I said.

"But totally worth it," she responded before kissing me.

—K.L., Richmond, Virginia

FRONT-ROW SEAT

My town was plunged into darkness, and the blackout left me with limited entertainment options. As much as I wanted to kick back with my phone and enjoy a bit of late-night streaming, I knew it was more important to conserve my cell's battery power than to visit my favorite porn site.

So I lay in my bed. Alone. Shrouded in darkness while I wracked my brain trying to remember if I'd saved any of the scented candles my former roommate was so fond of burning. I could do without the smell, but in light of the blackout I

could definitely use the illumination.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a yellow light outside. Across the alleyway, a window glowed warmly with the light of many candles. Someone entered the room: a hot blonde, clad only in a bra and panties. She flitted around, lighting a few more candles before lying down on the bed.

I glanced around my own room. It was dark, save for the green glow on my old battery-operated alarm clock. I doubted anyone could see me, even if they did look into my window. That was all the convincing I needed to kick back on my bed and see what—or who—my very hot neighbor was about to do in her room.

A tiny brunette soon joined her. She was wearing more clothes, but that was remedied quickly. She slid her sweater over her head as she walked to the bed, and the blonde tugged at the waistband of her friend's jeans, pulling her closer.

I quickly invented personalities for the two hotties, naming them in my head: the blonde was Chloe, and the brunette was Stephanie.

Chloe made quick work of Stephanie's jeans, popping the button and dragging the denim down her hips to reveal a perky ass sporting a pretty pink thong. Chloe's fingers gripped Stephanie's butt, her

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“CHLOE SANK TO HER KNEES AND BURIED HER FACE BETWEEN THE OTHER GIRL'S THIGHS.”

nails digging into the brunette's shapely cheeks as she nuzzled her friend's crotch.

Stephanie's head tilted back. Her eyes closed, and her lips parted on what looked to be a sigh. One of Chloe's hands disappeared around Stephanie's front, and the brunette's body jolted.

She started rocking her hips toward her partner in a manner that left my cock aching. I couldn't see exactly what was going on, but it sure looked sexy!

My swollen dick pressed against the unforgiving denim of my jeans, and I reached down to readjust my erection. The whole time I kept my eyes locked on the ladies.

I shifted on my bed, propping some pillows beneath my head so I was at the perfect angle to look into the window across the way. I honestly couldn't believe my luck. There I was, bored out of my mind and without a single source of entertainment, when a live porn show popped up right outside my window.

The girls were really getting into each other now. Chloe had pulled Stephanie's jeans all the way off, disappearing for a moment before popping up at her partner's back. Her hands smoothed across the front of Stephanie's thighs, gently parting her legs. The blonde stroked and caressed the other woman all over, making her squirm with excitement.

Then Chloe took a step back and slipped her fingers under the side straps



of Stephanie's thong and slowly slid the tiny garment off her body. She nudged the brunette backward until she sat on the bed. Chloe gestured to her lover, and the other woman parted her legs. I caught the briefest glimpse of her bare pussy before Chloe sank to her knees and buried her face between the other girl's thighs. Her blonde hair swished from side to side as she ate Stephanie's cunt with wild enthusiasm.

The women were so incredibly beautiful and sexy. They were making my cock ache. I couldn't ignore my own needs any longer. My dick was pulsing insistently, its plea for attention so demanding it was pulling me out of my fantasy—and that just wouldn't do.

I freed my cock from my jeans and stroked myself from base to tip. Normally, only a small bead of moisture would appear at my crown, but that night pre-come was flowing from the tip, providing all the lubricant I needed.

While I pumped my hand up and down my rock-solid dick, Chloe sat back on her heels, exposing Stephanie's cunt to me all over again. She shifted to the side of

Stephanie's legs, dragging one hand up the brunette's thigh and apparently toying with the girl's asshole. Chloe continued like that for a while, erotically massaging Stephanie's erogenous zones.

I desperately wanted to be a part of their scene. But in a way I already was, in my own apartment, stroking my dick as I took in the sight of their feral beauty.

Stephanie wiggled against Chloe's hand, pushing against the digits that clearly weren't providing the stimulation she craved. Chloe seemed to laugh at her subject's apparent desperation, and in response, her hand seemed to increase its speed and depth. It looked like she was finger-fucking the brunette's ass now, but I wasn't entirely sure. Still, it was thrilling enough for me to watch them in action.

My balls had grown tight, my body desperate for release. But right when I thought I would burst, Chloe changed her tactic again. I slowed my hand's pace, eager to see what was next. She slid the fingers of her other hand into Stephanie's pussy, pumping her at a speed that made the woman's body jiggle. The mattress

actually shook under the force of her finger-fucking until the brunette shivered in orgasm.

Chloe pulled away and brought her juice-soaked fingers to her mouth. I sat up higher in the bed, tempted to go stand by my window, but fearful that would make my presence known. Instead, I fisted my hand tighter around my dick, imagining Stephanie's pussy closing around me like a vise while I made honey flow from her like a fountain.

My eyes drifted closed for a moment, lost in the fantasy of entering that bedroom across the alleyway and adding my own brand of pleasure to the mix. When I pulled myself back to reality, I found the roles across the way had reversed. Stephanie wasn't on the bed anymore but kneeling on the floor before Chloe.

Chloe was on her back with her legs draped over the side of the bed and her hands massaging her own tits. While Chloe had been rough, Stephanie was gentle—almost timid in her actions. She looked up at Chloe reverently, trailing her hands up and down the girl's thighs, brushing her fingers closer and closer to the blonde's cunt with every stroke.

Finally, Stephanie parted Chloe's pussy lips with her thumbs, massaging the folds before leaning forward to taste her. Chloe's head rocked from side to side while the brunette worked her over with her mouth.

Stephanie made Chloe insane. Her toes curled and her fingers gripped the sheets, pulling the fabric up from the mattress as her back arched with the intensity of her pleasure. Then Stephanie kicked things into high gear. She never pulled her head from between Chloe's thighs, but from the way her shoulders rocked, I guessed her hands were moving with more deliberate intent. Chloe seemed to appreciate the turn from tender to tough. Her head lifted off the bed, and her mouth opened to emit a scream so loud even I heard it. At the

same time, my hips bucked. My cock had grown impatient with me for delaying my own pleasure in favor of watching Chloe claim hers.

The blonde shifted on the bed, twining her fingers through Stephanie's hair. Chloe's hips worked frantically against Stephanie's mouth as the brunette pushed her thighs further apart and pinned her to the bed.

Stephanie's attempt to tame Chloe seemed to really rile her up. I could tell by the posture of her body. Her muscles were coiled tight as in anticipation of her bliss.

Chloe moved her hands from Stephanie's hair to her own tits. She gripped the globes, kneading and caressing them, before parting her fingers so her nipples poked out between them. Then she pinched the taut peaks, drawing the buds between her fingers and applying pressure that made her body thrash wildly.

My hips jerked up from the bed, driving my dick into my fist so hard my fingers lost their grip. After few more frantic strokes, I was over the moon. The world got a little dull around the edges, but I felt my shaft pulse as sticky come rained down on my

clenched fingers. My eyes refocused on the window just in time to see Chloe give her breasts another squeeze, and a moment later a killer orgasm rocked her body. She bucked and shook with the force of her intense release, looking both sexy and beautiful.

Stephanie crawled up Chloe's body, gifting me with another gorgeous view of her ass while she gave her partner a lingering kiss.

They cuddled together on the bed, comfortably intertwined. The ladies were still for a bit, but the action soon heated up again.

Let's just say they entertained me all through the blackout—and it was the best show I've ever seen.

—B.M., Bethesda, Maryland

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Or tell us about the time you had a rapt audience. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





COMING CLEAN

THESE RANDY ROOMMATES
FINALLY CONFESSED THEIR MUTUAL CRUSH.





“THERE’S NOTHING LIKE A TONGUE
BATH FROM A PRETTY LADY!”

—ABIGAIL











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COMIC RELIEF

A grown-up geek gets graphic with the women of his fantasies.

By Tyler Scope

All through high school I liked comic books, so I got slotted into a “geek boy” social pigeonhole, and there I stayed. The imagined worlds of costumed superheroes and intergalactic adventurers were a good escape for me.

Left to doodle in notebooks, I developed my creative side somewhat while everybody else went to dances and parties. I was more or less content to enjoy my brightly colored fictions and await graduation, so I could move on to bigger and better things.

However, a summer costume party a few years after high school gave me a new perspective on life. By that point, I’d been working construction jobs for a while, making good money and buffing up my 21-year-old body.

I found out about the party through Elsa, who I’d gone to high school with and who I remembered as a quiet, intellectual dark-haired girl. She called me out of the blue with the invitation. The party was at Brenda’s; she was another high school alum. I remembered her even better, as she was a foxy blonde I’d had a wicked crush on. She had belonged to a popular clique and was always immersed in drama. I couldn’t remember her ever saying more than a dozen words to me in school.

“I figure you must have a cool idea for a costume,” Elsa said over the phone, “what with all those graphic novels you used to read.”

Graphic novels? That was geek-speak for comic books.

Elsa went on, “I haven’t decided on my outfit yet. I’ve posted a couple possibilities online. Check them out, and tell me what you think.”

“Okay,” I said. “You’re sure Brenda’s all right with me coming to this thing?” I tried not to sound too excited at the thought of seeing her.

Elsa laughed. “We’re all adults now, Tyler. Just be yourself.”

That seemed a weird thing to say to somebody going to a shindig where everybody would be in costume.

Later, I checked Elsa’s online profile and found the pictures she’d mentioned.

“Which costume should I wear?” read the caption underneath the saucy photos.

**“I’D NEVER
EXPECTED TO
SCORE WITH MY
TEENAGE CRUSH,
BUT THAT DREAM
WAS COMING TRUE.”**

My eyes nearly popped out of my skull.

Costume parties are, of course, just an excuse to dress up as the Sexy Whatever. Sexy Nurse. Sexy Librarian. Even Sexy Meter Maid. Elsa had posted herself in six or seven costumes, all of them over-the-top. I had never before realized what a fantastic figure she had: taut, vibrant, alluring. She was a far cry from the mousy girl I remembered.

There was one outfit, however, that really seized me.

In the photo Elsa was dressed up as a superheroine. She looked badass, with a steely gaze and her fists up. A movie-

quality latex getup coated her flesh, accentuating her toned physique.

It flashed me back. Suddenly, I was a teen again, holed up with my make-believe heroes and cosmic crusades. In the comments section underneath her photos, I finally typed: “You make a great superheroine.” By then I had a major hard-on from staring at her picture in that outfit. Obviously, I had misread Elsa completely in high school. She was an intellectual, yes, but in between reading Camus and Kant, she must have been obsessing over comic books and graphic novels, too.

I had a week to put a costume together, but there was only one choice, really. I had to go as a superhero, to complement Elsa’s ensemble.

Brenda, who was throwing the party, was now a professional model. Her house was big. Lots of people had arrived ahead of me. Just about all the women had chosen slinky and revealing costumes. A lot of the guys had, too. I, however, was done up in a spandex onesie with red goggles over my eyes.

Inside, the beer was flowing and a wild time was underway. I saw people from school. They were pleasant, even though we hadn’t been friends back in the day. For that matter, I hadn’t been friends with Brenda either. I doubted she ever even knew I’d had a crush on her.

I looked around for Elsa, eagerly awaiting her arrival. At that instant I got a text from her. She had blown a tire and was going to have to wait for a tow. She wouldn’t make the party. Disappointment crushed me. Then I had a vision of myself coming to her rescue in my superhero costume. It would be too perfect!

Grinning, I turned back toward the front door, thinking I’d surprise her. But before I



made it to the threshold, Brenda—the foxy blonde—was stepping into my path. My heart leapt, almost out of reflex.

“Tyler! Oh, I’m so glad you made it!” She threw her arms around me. With her lips next to my ear, she added, “Come upstairs with me. We’ve got unfinished business.”

I couldn’t imagine what that was, but I followed her in a horny daze. She led me into a bedroom and closed the door.

“You look great,” I said, rather inanely. She was dressed as a sexy lingerie model, which probably sounds redundant.

But she beamed. She ran her hands over her lace-covered body. My cock stirred in my onesie.

“You know, Tyler, in high school I thought you were cute, but my friends would never have let me date you. I feel stupid and shallow about that now.”

Her words were heartwarming, to say nothing of the heat she was inadvertently bringing to my balls. I started to say, “Hey, it’s okay—” But she cut me off, grabbing the front of my outfit and pulling me close, so I was nose to nose with her.

“Since I never got to sign your yearbook, how about we fuck instead?” she proposed.

Our mouths collided. Her tongue thrust against mine. Her lingerie-clad body was

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grinding on my spandex-clad one. She set her crotch right against my now boldly outlined cock. I'd never expected to score with my unrequited teenage crush, but that dream was coming true right before my eyes. The realization stunned all other thoughts out of my head.

We fell together onto the bed. Undressing was an elaborate task, at least for me. Lots of buckles to undo, hidden zippers, skintight costuming to snake out of. She just tossed off a few items, retaining her garter belt and stockings. I squeezed one of her tits, and it was like closing my hand around the Holy Grail. She groaned and rubbed my throbbing cock through the spandex as I struggled to strip. Unable to resist her, I jammed two digits into the wet gash of her pussy. I loved the slippery heat of

her on my fingertips. She mewled with pleasure.

I hurriedly got myself out of the rest of my costume. Brenda grabbed hold of my throbbing cock and pumped me. I moaned. The bedroom seemed to whirl around me. I couldn't even begin to believe that Brenda had been attracted to me. I still saw myself as the kid with his nose in a comic, making silly drawings of superheroes in notebooks. Maybe I had underestimated myself all along.

The tactile reality of this gorgeous blonde woman brought me back to my senses. Her skin was silky smooth. Her hair shone. She had enchanting eyes that I'd seen leaping out of fashion photographs. I didn't guess we had much in common, but that didn't seem important at the moment.

She pressed tight against me, and we kissed again furiously, tongues delving deeply. I liked the taste of her. She nibbled on my chin, licked my throat, and then started moving her way down my muscular body.

I lifted my head and watched with amazement as she kissed a neat trail down my abs. Once again she took hold of my cock, caressing it and aiming my swollen cockhead at her mouth. Her eyes flicked up toward me, and she smiled before she swirled her tongue around my thick crown.

Every nerve in me sparked with electricity. The pleasure was almost too intense, but then she molded her luscious lips around my cockhead and applied a ball-tingling suction to my knob. Her tongue continued to work. The circle of her lips moved down my shaft. I saw my length disappear into that lush mouth. She sucked me right down to the base until I felt her throat grip my cockhead.

She let out a low feline growl, and the vibrations set my spunk simmering in my balls. She brought her head back up slowly. Her expression told me she was savoring my flavor. Then her mouth plunged back down, and she deep-throated me once again, but after that she was off to the races.

Brenda blew me with a ravenous gusto. The intensity of her suction and the skill of her tongue drove me helplessly toward a brutal climax. I tried to hold back, but she was apparently having none of it. She kept me pinned and continued sucking, her head bobbing so fast it was no more than a blur.

When my first jet of cream flew loose, I expected her to pull away. But, again, she had her own plans. Her lips stayed sealed faithfully around me as I erupted in her mouth. Every spurt wrenched incredible pleasure from me. I grunted and groaned, and finally I shot my last salvo, reclining bonelessly on the bed.

Brenda rose and smiled at me. A stray drop of my semen oozed from a corner



of her mouth. Her tongue darted out to capture it.

"That's one thing I wanted to do with you," she said. "Now for the next."

With that she crawled up my prone body to straddle my head. I gazed up in wonder as she unceremoniously lowered her pussy onto my face. I inhaled her succulent scent, and a second later she was smearing her nectar on my lips and chin as she ground her cunt down onto my face.

I grabbed hold of her hips and drew my tongue up and down her slippery groove. She wriggled and giggled, blissful sounds to my ears. Then I stabbed my tongue right up into her. I enjoyed her taste and heat. She worked her hips from side to side, and her wetness spilled over my face.

When I zeroed in on her distended clit, she yelped. I teased the swollen bud, coaxing the deepest pleasures from her. New excitement awoke in me as I ate her. I felt my cock stir anew.

She ground herself hard against my face. My tongue was relentless. Suddenly, she was overflowing, her juices pouring into my mouth. She cried out in orgasmic triumph, her trim model's body going taut. Finally, she slipped off my face and sat beside me, grinning.

"That's item number two."

I grinned back. I had high hopes for the third item. I realized, distantly, that she may have been taking this opportunity to settle things up from her past. Perhaps I was just something on a checklist. But at that moment I didn't care.

My cock was fully hard again. Brenda spread her thighs in invitation. I scrambled atop her and slammed my cock home. She moaned and wrapped those stockinged legs around my waist. I stroked into her cunt slowly at first, but she told me to fuck her harder and faster.

I obliged. I pounded her pussy, and her body gripped me tightly. If she was tidying up her past, then so was I. Brenda had been my crush. Now I was



"SHE MOLDED HER LIPS AROUND MY COCKHEAD AND APPLIED A BALL-TINGLING SUCTION."

having her. I fucked her like an animal, which seemed to be exactly what she wanted.

Brenda lifted her ass off the bed as I continued to plow her. Bliss gathered in my balls once more, seeking release. She writhed wildly beneath me. When I started to shoot again, she cried out, and we rode out our orgasmic rapture together. Her limbs held me as she shook through her climax, and my strong hands gripped her quivering body. Only after our beautiful crises

passed did we let each other go.

Afterward, we dressed without saying much. I knew we'd never hook up again. As I picked up my phone from where I'd set it down, I suddenly remembered Elsa with her flat tire. As great as the night had been, I couldn't help but wonder what I had missed out on with her, a thought that haunted me for a long time.

Years later on a whim, I signed up for a course in freehand drawing. The teacher encouraged me to put my sketches online. I did and got a big response. Soon I had developed a character with ongoing superhero adventures. The whole thing boomed. A comic-book syndicate swooped in and paid me big money to put my adult-oriented comic in print. Now there was a movie deal in the works. Incredibly, my teenage hobby had become my livelihood.

I attended comic book conventions, with signings and costume contests. The first time I was face-to-face with a person dressed up as my galaxy-traipsing hero, it blew my mind. Something that had started off as a spur-of-the-moment pencil sketch was now worshiped by

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untold numbers of strangers!

I traveled all over for these conventions, and sometimes lost track of what city I was in.

During one of these jaunts, someone tapped my shoulder in a hotel lobby. I turned to see a woman done up as my superhero's romantic interest/guardian angel. In my comic's mythology she had been my hero's true love—until evil forces took her away and sealed her in an alternate dimension. Now the two lovers could only communicate through a cosmic membrane, usually when she had some important plot information to deliver. But they could never touch, except on occasions that I called "reprieves."

This woman's costume was first-rate, her lovely shape just right for it. She even seemed to exude the right attitude of melancholy and longing. The mask she wore hid her face but for her enticing lips.

"Would you like me to sign something?" I asked, shaken by how alluring she looked. The lips twisted into a smile.

"You can do better than that, Tyler."

Elsa! I couldn't believe it. Then I realized this hotel was a half-hour drive from

**"HER FULL LIPS
WERE SEALED
AROUND ME, AND I
FELT THE EAGER
WRIGGLING OF
HER TONGUE."**

where I'd gone to high school. I started to ask her if she wanted to have a drink with me and catch up. Elsa grabbed my hand and said, "Come up to my room."

It was like that costume party, except this time it was Elsa not Brenda taking me upstairs. While I didn't regret fucking Brenda that night, I did regret not making an effort to see Elsa again afterward. I had long since figured out I'd had the crush on the wrong girl.

"We have this reprieve, my love. Let us not waste it!" she said when we were finally alone inside her room.

I snapped to the fact that she was speaking in character, using quotes right out of my comic universe. I gave her my best cool superhero stare. "Reveal your breasts to me, oh cherished lover."

Corny, I know. But that was how the two characters spoke to each other.

Elsa, with a deft wriggle of her shoulders, peeled back the top portion of her outfit. I looked at her full tits, the nipples stiff and pink. She kneaded her breasts with her gloved hands, moaning softly.

If we were going to role-play, I was going to take total advantage. "Now show me the rest of you, my everlasting beauty."

She quickly stripped away her leotard and stood before me in only her mask, gloves and knee-high boots. As if helpless to resist her body's desire, she touched her pussy with her fingertips.

My cock was nearly bursting out of my pants. This was hot on so many levels. She worked a finger up into herself with her eyes fastened on me the whole time. A moment later she trembled, her taut thighs shaking. She lifted her glistening, gloved finger to her lips and tasted it before flashing me a wicked smile.

"Won't you let me see you, my hero?"

I flung away my clothes. She gazed at my erect cock which bobbed before me. We hadn't touched yet. Just like my two creations, separated by that damned membrane. I didn't know how strictly she wanted to play this game.

But hadn't she'd said something about a reprieve?

"Cross over!" she cried, and I swept her into my arms. Her flesh was hot against mine. My cock pressed her flat firm belly. Our mouths met hungrily, and it was like we'd been kept apart for ages, just like the two characters. We kissed deeply, tongues tangling. I wanted to taste her everywhere. I wanted to feel her, experience her.

I picked her up and laid her down on the broad hotel bed. She looked up at me

with a ravenous expression. It was some geek-boy fantasy to be standing over this masked hottie. But I didn't linger over the sight. I dove between her outspread legs, inhaling the lively scent of her. Her pussy absolutely glistened.

Her curls were shaved down to dark fuzz. I dragged my tongue up her slit, getting a sweet mouthful of her flavor. She cried out and clamped her legs on my shoulders.

I attacked her hungrily, stabbing my tongue deep. Her slick interior warmth was intense. I worked her steadily with my lips and tongue. I grabbed her ass cheeks in my hands, palming the fleshy globes as I nibbled her clit with my teeth. She howled and jammed her pussy hard against my face. I didn't stop, even when she reached down and grabbed my hair. She rode my mouth mercilessly until she poured her liquid excitement into my mouth with a loud cry.

She collapsed back limply as I came up for air with my face dripping. But she didn't lay there for long.

Elsa pushed me onto my back, and before I knew what was happening, she'd dropped her mouth onto my straining cock. I gasped as she gently took hold of my balls, the soft pressure adding to the intense pleasure of the moment.

I lifted my head and watched her slurp her way up and down my shaft. Her full lips were sealed around me, and I felt the eager wriggling of her tongue. She made grunts of happiness as she sucked me, picking up speed and losing herself in the act. A few dark strands of hair escaped her leather mask.

Somehow I found the self-control to pull her mouth off me before I came. I wanted my cock in her pussy. I drew her up by her gloved hands. She grinned, straddling me, and lowered herself onto my staff.

Elsa started grinding on me, and I thrust upward against every downward plunge of her hips. Our mutual rhythm was perfect, like that of lovers torn apart

and reunited. I savored our joining. I reached up and mauled her lovely tits before nipping one hard nipple then the other. I felt the rub of her tall leather boots against my sides.

It occurred to me only in the midst of that erotic bliss, that Elsa must've really dug my comic. Whatever else, I had satisfied her with my art, with my stories. Brenda had just wanted to fuck that guy she'd known in high school. This with Elsa was something different, something special.

But at the moment I was more concerned with other sorts of satisfaction. I grinned as Elsa rode my cock faster and faster, her head whipping from side to side. Finally, her spine arched, her beautiful breasts pushed toward the ceiling and she yowled triumphantly.

I used the climactic pause to rock her over onto her back once more. I mounted her and plowed her sweet pussy. I hammered into her, making up for lost

years, for my lapse that night of the party. Hell, maybe I was even trying to fuck my way through that dimensional membrane I'd invented to keep my main characters apart and add pathos to my stories.

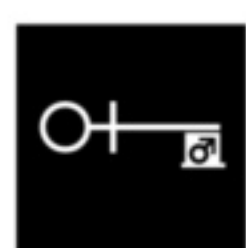
Elsa writhed underneath me. Sweat dripped down my already pussy-wet face. My toned muscles shook. I stroked harder and harder, burying myself in her. My balls were aching for release. I couldn't—and didn't want to—hold back another second.

My come jetted crazily, the spurts wrenching pleasure from every part of me. I poured my ecstasy into that ravishing body, giving Elsa every iota of my joy and gratitude. She quaked in response with a blistering climax of her own.

After, we lay together, and she told me how much she loved my comic book characters. I revealed why my hero's love interest had dark hair and why he pined for her so badly—and who had been my inspiration: her. It was all her.

It was a truth I had never told any of my fans, but I told it to Elsa. ☪





LETTER OF THE MONTH

FREE PASS

A horny hubby lets his wife skirt their marital vows—and they both reap the sexy rewards.

The coffee shop was buzzing by the time my husband met me there. “They’ve ripped the hell out of this place,” Jeff said, noting the construction that was happening all around us, indoors and out.

“I know, but I’m used to it now.”

Jeff sat at my table with coffee in hand. It was a miracle I’d managed to score a spot. The small shop was busier than ever, despite the noise and the mess of renovations. Clearly, I wasn’t the only one who still liked going there, but for me it’s partly convenience. The café is directly across the street from the clothing store where I work.

“Poor wife, having to navigate all this.” He laughed then leaned in and kissed me. It was a lingering kiss that turned me on just the smallest bit. “Having to look at all the handsome men running back and forth with their tools and hardhats...and nice asses in faded jeans.”

I laughed and smacked his arm. “Like I even notice them.”

“No? I thought I might have noticed you noticing”—Jeff looked out the window and pointed—“that one. And maybe that one, too.”

He happened to point to a man I’d, in fact, noticed regularly. From the glimpses of him I’d gotten through my shop’s window, I’d gathered he was the foreman for the crew that was renovating our little shopping village.

“You’re imagining things,” I insisted, but I smiled. He knew what that meant.

Jeff took my hand and flipped it over in his. Then he dragged his fingertips slowly up and down my palm until I shifted in my chair. He knew it was an odd little trick to turn me on and get me wet that wouldn’t attract any attention in public.

He whispered in my ear, “If you admit it, when we get home I’ll fuck you until

your knees buckle.”

I shut my eyes as he nipped my earlobe, appearing to the rest of the world like a man giving his wife a little kiss as he whispered in her ear. But he wasn’t that innocent. His dirty words were leaving my panties drenched and making my heart flutter.

I felt each beat of my heart in my cunt, and I’d have given anything at that moment for Jeff to reach beneath my dress and push his fingers inside my pussy.

“HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES, SPREAD MY THIGHS AND WENT AT MY PUSSY WITH HIS TONGUE.”

“Okay, okay—I’ve noticed him.”

“The first one or the second one?”

Beneath the table, he’d subtly slipped his hand up my thigh. His pinkie finger was brushing my mound.

I held my breath then released it and said, “The second one. The one in the red shirt.”

“Hmm. The handsome dark-haired one with the smoldering eyes.”

I snorted laughter. “Smoldering eyes?”

“What do you think about when you’re noticing him?” he quizzed me, once more pressing his lips to my ear as he spoke.

“Nothing.” I wouldn’t cave that easily. He already owed me a knee-buckling fuck.

“Liar.”

I grinned mischievously. He did know me.

“What do you think about? Him fucking you? Sucking his cock? Him eating that pussy? But remember, that pussy belongs to *me*. No one plays with it unless I give permission.”

I shifted again. His finger still rested right against my sex, and beneath my dress my cunt was dripping.

I stared at him for a moment and then shrugged, staying as nonchalant as I could. Then I said, “Yeah, maybe some of that.”

Jeff looked at his watch. “Well, love, I have to get back to the office. How about when you get home you tell me which of those things you’ve thought about the most. In exchange, you can negotiate a one-off with Mr. Red Shirt.” He stood and dropped a kiss on the crown of my head. “Love you.”

“I love you, too,” I said. Then I watched him walk past the guy in the red shirt and give him a wave. I laughed. I was going to get to fuck red shirt. But first I was going to get fucked by my husband. Most likely a lot.

The moment I walked in the door that night, my husband hit me like a ton of bricks. I let out a whoop as he pushed me face-first against the wall, his hands going straight up my dress. He tugged my panties down and slipped his hands back up my thighs again.

“Spread your legs.”

I did as instructed and then he said, “Tell me.”

“I’ve thought about all those things you mentioned,” I confessed. “Fucking him, sucking his cock, him eating my pussy.”

Jeff pushed his fingers inside me and started to thrust in and out. Every time he went deep, his fingertips would brush my G-spot.

“You want all that?” he asked urgently.



LETTER OF THE MONTH



I said nothing as he deliberately curled his fingers over and over again, working that place inside me that made my knees weak and my head fuzzy.

"Answer me," he growled, and then pulled his fingers free. I heard his belt and then his zipper opening. He pressed a hand to the center of my back and held me against the wall as he brushed his cockhead along my wet slit.

"I might." He drove into me hard and deep, entering me so fast I was lifted up on my tiptoes. He kept his hand against my back, and the air rushed out of me as he fucked me. I moved back to take as much of him as I could. I was so close, so wet and so turned on, it was impossible to catch my breath or even think.

"Tell me you want him. I know you do."

I was nodding dumbly then, over and over as he filled me. I was close, so incredibly close to coming. He moved both hands to my hips and gripped me tight, his tempo increasing. Then he reached around me with one hand and pinched my clit. I climaxed without warning, groaning as Jeff pulled his cock free and turned me so my back was pressed against the wall. He dropped to his knees, spread my thighs and went at

**"THERE WAS NO
FOREPLAY. HE
TOOK ME HARD,
DRIVING HIS COCK
INTO MY WILLING
CUNT."**

my pussy with his tongue, sweeping the rigid tip over my clit until I found myself bucking against his mouth.

"Come for me. Again." He thrust his fingers inside me and sucked on my clit, drawing on it repeatedly until I lost myself once again. I pulled his hair, and he hissed. Then he yanked me to the floor with him, got me on hands and knees, and pushed his cock into me from behind. It only took a few strokes before he grunted and came, his wetness slickening the tops of my thighs.

"Tomorrow, we'll talk details," he said. I nodded, still breathless. "Tomorrow."

And we did.

The day of my date with Mr. Red Shirt, I woke before my alarm sounded, and as I relaxed naked in my bed beside my husband, my mind immediately turned to my sanctioned one-night stand. It hadn't taken much convincing, just me approaching the handsome man and making a play. When his eyes glanced at my ring finger, I simply said, "I'm married, but I'm free this coming Friday. And only then." That had been the extent of my explanation. He seemed to understand what I was propositioning and was fine with the situation. Red Shirt didn't need to know that me and my husband did this kind of thing every once in a while—but never with the same guy twice. It was one and done, always.

I could tell Jeff was awake by the change in his breathing. His hand snaked out from beneath the comforter and found my thigh. "Awake?"

"Yes."

"Excited?"

A shiver rocked me, and I smiled. "Yeah. You?"

"I am. I can't wait to hear about it."

I rolled toward him and his hand inched higher. "While I'm gone you'll be thinking about it, won't you?"

"I will." He slipped his finger inside my pussy.

"And what will you think about?"

"About him fucking you." He thrust that finger deep and curled it. "Eating you." Another thrust, another curl. "Taking you from behind. Making you suck his cock."

I sighed and pressed against his hand. He bit my lower lip and growled, "You better lube that pussy up good."

"Why?"

"Because I want to get my dick in it right now—before I have to leave for work."

I rolled to the bedside table for the coconut oil and spread it slowly around my cunt. He sighed. "It always smells like vacation when we fuck."

Then he rolled me onto my belly and hiked me onto all fours. There was no

foreplay or niceties. He took me hard, driving his cock into my willing cunt. Holding my hips tight, he plunged in and out of me quickly. His breath was hot on my back, and I balanced my weight on one arm. My free hand snuck between my legs and my fingers played over my clit, bringing me closer to climax. I wanted to wait until he came; I wanted to go over the edge with him. This was the rough fucking before I was with another man. Later would come the prize fucking. Because he'd shared me with another guy, but I was still his. He'd prove that and then some. A thrill spiked through me just to think about what would come after I'd had my night with Mr. Red Shirt.

He felt me tremble and grunted. "I'm coming. Come with me."

I pinched my clit and gave it a few swirls as he rocked into me so hard I almost collapsed. We climaxed together in near silence, shaking as a single unit as our orgasms decimated us.

Jeff kissed the back of my neck and then moved quickly to bite my ass cheek.

"Ow!" I knew that would leave a mark.

He laughed and stroked the skin he'd just bitten. "Just so he remembers who you belong to. I rarely share, and when I do it's just the once."

I met Mr. Red Shirt in the lobby of the hotel near the shopping center. Most of the people who stayed there were doing business in the nearby industrial park. Not the most romantic place, but it was convenient and no one knew me there.

He looked at me in my black wrap dress and heels, and then whistled low and long. All I could do was laugh. "Did you want a drink?" he asked, pointing his thumb toward the bar. "I'm new to this whole—"

"We can get a drink and take it to the room. I don't like a lot of chitchat. I just like to fuck. Will that be a problem?"

He considered me for a second. He had big blue eyes that reminded me of an autumn sky. "Not at all. Who am I to question an opportunity like this?"

I took his arm when he offered. "Let's



just skip the drink." He nodded, and we went up to the second floor. We headed down the hall, and I opened the door for us with the key card I had stashed in my purse earlier that morning.

Inside the room, he held me at arm's length, saying, "You're so pretty."

"Thank you." Then I dropped to my knees and unbuttoned his jeans. I pulled down his zipper and managed to free his cock from his boxers.

"Right to it, then?" he asked, a little breathless.

I looked up at him and then briefly sucked the tip of his cock into my mouth. "Yep. Is that okay?" I asked.

He could only nod because I was sucking him then, driving my lips down his shaft. I pressed them to the root of his cock every time and let him fill my throat.

His fingers tangled in my hair and then tugged as he started to fuck my face.

"Jesus," he muttered.

I smiled and cupped his balls in my hand, squeezing them gently.

After a few minutes, he hissed and pulled out of my mouth, saying, "I don't want it to end yet."

I nodded. "Me either."

He held out his hand, and I took it. He guided me to the bed and pushed me back. He was gentler than Jeff, and

LETTER OF THE MONTH



I watched him as he moved with great deliberation. He untied the sash on my wrap dress and then parted it, laying it out like wings. (I was naked beneath. I'd left my underwear home.) His fingers came down on my skin and goosebumps sprang up where he touched me. My nipples spiked, and he laughed, pinching them so roughly I yelped.

"So pretty. Goddamn." Poised over me, he sucked my nipples, stealing breath from me with every harsh tug. I writhed impatiently, but he insisted on taking his time before eventually kissing a hot trail from my cleavage to my pussy.

"Spread your legs, pretty lady."

I parted them wantonly and watched him study my pussy the same way he'd studied my face. He was so relaxed about it that when he actually touched me with his tongue I jumped. "Shh," he said, pinning me down at the hips with his work-roughened hands. Then he really went at my clit, sucking it and swirling around it with his tongue until I

**"HE KEPT HIS DICK
DEEP INSIDE ME
AS HE JERKED
WITH QUICK,
SHARP BURSTS OF
MOVEMENT."**

was nothing more than a shivering mess.

I came with a brutal rush of pleasure that felt like it would fell me. But he wouldn't let me rest, pushing two thick fingers into my cunt and curling them. "I want more," he said, his voice nearly a growl.

"I want another orgasm from you."

I laughed softly. "I don't think that'll be a problem," I confessed with a smile.

As he fucked me with his fingers, he sucked my clit once again, slowly taking me higher. I couldn't think beyond the sensations of my body. When he could tell I was crazy with lust, he went for the gold, finger-banging my G-spot until I gave up another orgasm. That climax was just as fast and hard as the first, and it left me gushing.

He sighed. "That's what I wanted. Turn over." I started to turn, but he grabbed me and flipped me impatiently, moving me onto my hands and knees. Then he moved close behind me and slid into my pussy on a slow, even stroke. He gripped my hips tightly as he moved, thrusting in short, staccato bursts that inched me forward on the bed. I pressed my forehead to the mattress and rocked back to take him. His cock brushed the most sensitive places inside me, and I snuck a hand between my thighs to finger my tender clit. I didn't know if I could come again, but I sure did want to!

He grunted and tugged me against his body, even as he drove into me. The sound of his voice was animalistic and rough. Goosebumps sprang up all over my body, and I sighed, pinching my clit with my shaking fingertips.

I moaned. I was so close again, right on the cusp of coming.

"That's it," he said. "That's it." Another rush of wetness, and then he hit a perfect place deep inside me and I was coming. I moaned into the mattress as I quaked with pleasure.

He stopped moving, caught his breath and pulled out of me. Then he rolled me to my back and moved up to push a pillow beneath my head. He straddled my shoulders and looked down at me. "Open your mouth, pretty lady."

I did as he asked and let him move his body over my face so he could fuck my mouth. He did it with well timed, even strokes that let me breathe between thrusts. He filled my throat, never pushing too hard, and I only gagged once. He smiled down at me as my eyes watered.

"Breathe deep."

I inhaled deeply, which opened my throat, and he pushed into me just a little more.

I bucked beneath him, and he moved slowly in and out, pausing every once in a while so I wasn't overcome.

When he resumed fucking my mouth, I arched my neck to urge him deeper. I brushed the underside of his cock with my tongue, and when he hissed, I knew I'd pushed him too far. I reached up and cupped his balls, squeezing them in my hand. He grunted and pulled out of my mouth.

"Jesus," he muttered, shaking his head and staring down at me. Then he knocked my spread thighs wider and settled his muscular body atop mine. "Kiss me," he ordered, grinding his hard cock against my mound.

I groaned against his parted lips and then did as asked. I kissed him, moving my tongue over his as he humped me. My pussy flickered and spasmed with ghostly aftershocks from my recent orgasms.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he chanted in rhythm with his bucking body. Then he shoved his hands beneath my ass cheeks and pressed down against me to slide his cock inside me with ease. I gasped because I was already sensitive and swollen and tender, and that one thrust had awoken my body's craving for yet another climax.

He fucked me fast and hard, never withdrawing too much. He kept his dick deep inside me as he jerked with quick, sharp bursts of movement.

I could hardly breathe, but somehow the pressure of his big body on mine made the moment even better. Even hotter. The illicit joy of fucking a stranger. Of having someone take me in a new way. And all the while knowing my husband was waiting eagerly for the details. And waiting to take me himself.

My lover held me tight and rocked against me. His breath was hot on my neck. He bit me, and I jerked, crying out as my pussy clenched tightly around

him. He groaned and then licked the skin he'd just nipped. My pussy flooded with wetness. He'd learned to read me real quick because he bit me once again, and I came, my pussy gripping him as he thrust deeply. That was the final straw. He pounded into me a few more times before coming. And then he grew still.

"I take it that's it?" he muttered against my neck. I thought he was smiling.

"It is."

He nodded and then looked at me. "Well, it was sure as fuck nice meeting you."

"You, too," I said, unable to keep my laughter at bay.

He waited while I showered quickly, toweled off and got dressed.

"So this is one-shot thing?"

"It is."

He shook his head and sighed. "Pity."

"But it was a *good* one-shot thing."

I left the room on shaky legs and texted Jeff. He responded immediately with nothing but: "Here waiting for you." I drove home slowly, savoring my memories: the

feel of his mouth on me, the way his cock felt driving into me, the short bursts of motion he used when thrusting into me, the smell of him and the way he smiled. And the fact that he called me "pretty lady."

I put the car in park and walked up the front sidewalk. The door opened before I even got to the steps.

I let him take my arm and pull me into the house. He immediately turned me in his arms and kissed me. I opened my mouth and kissed him back, letting him suck my tongue gently. He pinched my nipples through my dress, and I moaned. My body was starting to stir with fresh want. I was sore from so much good fucking, but I was also turned on beyond belief.

He untied my dress and parted it.

"Now, honey, tell me all about it." He dropped to his knees. "And spare no details." As I began to speak, he brought his tongue to my clit and started to lap at me.

-S.D., via email





LEGAL BRIEFS

THIS DIRTY TRIO'S LATE NIGHTS AT THE FIRM
INVOLVE LOTS OF HARD WORK!





“I KNOW MY PARTNERS HAVE
MY BACK—AND MY FRONT!”

—GIANNA









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LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

SUMMER SWELTER

Inspired by their picture-perfect one-night stands, daring strangers create sizzling new memories.

By Joe Rayne

They say scent triggers memory like nothing else. A smell of pine might take you vividly back to a childhood Christmas. Or a floral bouquet can so remind you of a how a perfume smelled on a particular woman that it's like you're nuzzling her throat again.

But climate can do that, too. At least it can for me, as I found out when the tropical weather took me in its summery embrace, and I found myself thinking so clearly of Raquel. It wasn't like I'd erased her from my memory, but we'd known each other three years ago just for a single day and night on the island paradise to which I'd returned.

The sweat-beading, all-enfolding humidity and heat brought her tactile memory back to me so vibrantly I expected to see her every time I turned around. I desperately wanted to see her again, to relive that brief perfect time we had together. Her taut bronzed flesh flashed through my mind, the heaving of her breasts as she lay under me, the buck and sway of her beautiful body when she climbed atop mine.

"What's up with you?" my good friend Jamal asked, shocking me back to the present as we walked from the resort to the conference center. The corporation we both worked for had sprung for our lavish accommodations as a reward for the good work we'd done the previous year.

"Just having flashbacks," I murmured, taking in the surrounding tourist district.

During my last visit, I'd stayed in the native quarter, which is where I'd met Raquel.

Jamal sensed a juicy story. He grinned. "Really? Let's stop for a drink and you can tell me about it. Nobody expects anyone to be on time for the lectures anyway."

He was right about that. The whole

excursion was much more vacation than business trip. We both wore casual khakis, but I still felt overdressed. I let Jamal steer me into an air-conditioned bar. A minute later we had gaudy drinks in front of us, and I was ready to tell him about Raquel.

I took a sip of the too sweet concoction and began, "It seems like a long time ago, but it was just three years back."

"Yeah?" Jamal prodded. "So this was before you were a corporate stooge, like me. Go on. Tell me everything."

"SHE DROPPED HER MOUTH DOWN ONTO MY YEARNING STAFF IN ONE FEROCIOUS PLUNGE."

"I was here, on this island." I sighed. "Not for a company junket. I was just bumming around. I loved it. I felt totally free."

"I'll bet you did." Jamal was five years older than me and already going gray. "So who was she?" he asked shrewdly.

I laughed. "I didn't know her name for the first half of the day. I was over on the other side of the island, at this dockside café, baking in the heat. I saw her climbing off a little boat. She wore denim shorts and a top soaked with sweat. Her dark hair was tied up under a bandanna.

"Something about how she moved, the easy pace of her through the heat,

grabbed my attention. She had a strong-looking body, muscular but not overly so. Her skin was roasted to an almost golden hue, but I didn't think she was any more local than me. In fact, she gave off a carefree vibe that made me think—"

"She was a wandering bum like you." Jamal shook his head. "Goddamn, I envy you your vagabond past. Wish I'd had the guts to do something like that. Tell me more, Joe." I told him about leaving the café and following the dark-haired woman as she moved along the docks. I liked how her shorts hugged that lush ass. She greeted people along the way, indicating she'd been there awhile.

When she entered a ramshackle marketplace, I lost her and started to panic. I'd been working up the nerve to approach her. Suddenly, she tapped me on the shoulder from behind. I spun and stood there, stunned by my close-up view of her beautiful face with its molded cheekbones and sensual lips.

I started to introduce myself, but she hushed me. "We will have to wonder about each other awhile," she said in throaty voice. "Come along." So we walked together through the sweltering afternoon sun. I made a few fumbling guesses about her life, and she answered with some fairly accurate assessments about me. I'd been right that she was also an American who was rambling about the tropics.

Of course, I was hopelessly attracted to her. She seemed exotic and wise, sexy and accomplished. I finally learned she was working on a fishing boat and had nurtured hopes of being hired on for a full time gig, which hadn't happened for her.

From there, I imagined the great tropical romance we would have, two sun-broiled fools basking in love and sex as we wasted time together.

But as the sun touched the sea and the sky turned crimson, she said with a wistful smile, "I'm leaving tomorrow. It's time I go back to the States and become a responsible grownup."

Her words were a punch to the heart, but I managed a smile of my own and said, "Tomorrow? So...there's still tonight."

Then and only then did we exchange names. Raquel and Joe. Joe and Raquel. Whatever grand affair we might have had was already lost to the fates, but the oncoming night simmered and bubbled with erotic possibility. She felt as I did and took me to the seaside shack in which she'd been living for a month.

She lit a lantern, the amber illumination touching her dark hair as she let it loose from the bandanna. In the distance, someone played a fiddle. Water lapped at the shack's pilings. The air smelled of tropical flowers and brine. But it was the heat I remembered best, that caressing humidity which persisted into the nighttime.

Raquel stepped out of her sandals and came toward me. She slipped her arms around my neck, and I set my hands on her trim hips. Her mouth floated up toward mine. Her lips tasted of the sea's salt. Her tongue darted like an electric eel.

My cock swelled as she pressed her breasts against me. I felt her stiff nipples poking through her sweat-drenched top. Our mouths ground together. She moaned softly, and I answered with a growl low in my throat. My own sweat-streaked skin rippled with desire.

I was wearing ragged cargo shorts and a T-shirt. Raquel tugged the tee off over my head, then leaned in to lick a swath of perspiration off my hard pecs. I'd been working odd jobs same as her, and the physical labor had left me in fine shape. She removed her top, and I beheld her glistening tits.

Almost as if of its own will, my mouth fell onto one perky mound, and then the other, taking time to lick and nibble each nipple in turn. She raked her fingers

through my sun-bleached hair and groaned with pleasure.

I found the snap on her shorts just as she was reaching for mine. Before long we both stood naked in the cramped shack, the bed scant steps away. The sight of her nude body was glorious. She glowed in the lantern light, exuding vivacity and raw sexuality. Her eyes trailed up and down me, lingering with a gratifying gaze directed at my very hard cock.

A heartbeat and a half later we had tumbled together onto the narrow bed. Her body was slick and fantastically alive beneath my eagerly searching hands. I kneaded her breasts, and she cupped my ass. I slipped my fingertips along the drizzling cleft of her pussy; she rolled her thumb across the slit at the top of my cock, smearing a bead of pre-come over the sensitive head. Both of us shivered with need.

I wanted to taste her pussy, but our cramped confines were working against us. Raquel solved the space limitations by pushing me onto my back, climbing over me and reversing herself, thereby dropping her sweet slit onto my waiting mouth while giving herself perfect access to my aching cock.

Her hot pussy smeared itself across my lips. I took hold of her hips so I could stab my tongue up inside her. Her

body writhed with delight. Meanwhile, she dropped her mouth down onto my yearning staff in one ferocious plunge, sucking me right down to my balls. My ass squirmed on the damp sheet, and I thrust my hips helplessly upward.

We worked like that for several dedicated minutes, mouth-to-pussy and cock-to-mouth, joined in a perfect sweat-oiled, mind-blowing 69. When she practically went into convulsions atop me, I was ready. Her juices spilled into my mouth and slickened my chin. I myself was about an eye blink from blasting my pent-up load into her mouth.

But I wanted to plow her pussy, and she obligingly climbed off me, rearranging us so she lay back with her thighs spread. I slotted my cock into her, and she gasped excitedly. I started stroking into her, feeling the snug grasp of her pussy. Her gorgeous tits bounced with my every thrust. Sweat dripped off my face onto hers, and she contrived to catch a few droplets on her tongue.

The heat of the night consumed us. It was like a third lover in the room, all-embracing, coaxing us onward to further ecstasies. Raquel came again with another shuddering display. That fiddle player in the distance sawed harder at taut strings.

Raquel got me onto my back again and climbed atop me. Heat mirages fluttered



LETTERS

➤ SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

up her gleaming body. I felt the molten agility of her toned form as she rode me hard, bucking and rocking. Dark hair was pasted to her forehead and face. Her eyes were alight with volcanic fire.

She brought me irrevocably to my climax. I couldn't have held back another second. When my spunk started to spew, it touched off her final blazing rapture, a heatstroke frenzy of carnal fulfillment. Pleasure tore through me, wringing me out. She was with me every step of the way. When she finally collapsed in my arms, our flesh melted into one.

"Goddamn," Jamal said with admiration. "So what happened after that?"

I took another sip of my froufrou drink. "She left the next day, like she'd promised. I went back to the States a week later to do what she did, using my business degree to become a responsible adult. And here I am." I shrugged to indicate my safe corporate existence.

Jamal shook his head and sighed.

"How come shit like that never happened to me?" he asked incredulously.

My story complete, we finished off our drinks and made an appearance at the conference before parting ways.

Raquel still haunted me. I drove to the other side of the island and watched the sun go down from that same café where I'd first spotted her. Last time, I'd almost fit in with the locals. Now I looked and felt like an outsider.

After a beer or two I went walking, with the nighttime heat settling on my skin like black velvet. The native quarter was as charming and tourist-free as I remembered. Someone was even playing a fiddle somewhere, like they were trying to make me remember—as if I could have forgotten.

Raquel and I had been kindred spirits, both at the same crossroads. A perfect confluence of fate.

As I trudged onward, I grew aware of someone following me. Without thinking,

I ducked into a nearby market that was closing up. I did a quick maneuver and came around behind the person.

The woman turned, and for a second my heart leapt. But despite the dark hair and sensual lips, it wasn't Raquel. Of course, it wasn't. But I stared all the same, enraptured by her beauty.

"Sorry," she said. "I was following you, wasn't I? It's just...you looked like someone I knew once."

We introduced each other—she was named Janine—and chuckled about our odd little meeting. On impulse, I asked her to come walking with me. I told her I was there for a conference and was leaving tomorrow. She had come for business reasons, as well. She wore a linen dress that clung damply to her form in the steamy humidity. I studied the alluring shape of her, so obvious in her clingy clothes. We talked a while more, and it was pleasant.

"I was here a few summers ago," she finally admitted. "I met this guy. We only knew each other, well, briefly. He had your build and hair. It's silly, but I've been thinking about him since I stepped off the plane."

I blurted, "You remind me of someone I met here, too."

We halted on the moonlit road. Janine smiled. I could almost see the memories glimmering in her eyes.

"Do you have any regrets about her?" she asked softly.

"Yes. And no. It was a perfect time with her, short as it was." My heart beat fast. My flesh tingled. "Sometimes I wish I was the carefree, adventurous person I used to be, the one she'd liked so much."

"I like you how you are right now." Her lips quivered, and I understood what had been building between us.

We lunged toward each other. My arms went around her waist, and her hands came up my back and onto my shoulders, her fingers digging in. Our mouths met in a hungry kiss. Our tongues tangled, and the delicious taste of her was like a jolt. I felt the sweat on her body through the



“WHEN I STABBED MY TONGUE ALL THE WAY UP INSIDE HER, SHE GAVE A FIERCE GROAN.”

flimsy dress. She was wiry and nimble.

We ground our mouths together awhile, then finally broke our kiss, both of us panting. Excitement gripped me. Her lovely face was flushed in the moonlight. I offered, “We can go back to my room at the resort.”

My cock had swelled to the max in my khaki pants.

“I know somewhere closer!” Grinning, Janine took my hand, tugging me along with her.

We went down a trail that branched off from the road. I remembered there had been a stretch of beach not far from Raquel’s shack. Soon Janine and I were out on the empty white sand, which seemed to glow under the bright moon. Waves foamed. I heard the soothing crash of the water on the shore.

I wondered if this was where she and her one-night stand had gone before. The thought gave me the tiniest pause. Janine was a gorgeous woman, but did I want to be a stand-in for her previous lover? How would she have felt if I’d taken her to that old shack where I’d shared a bed with Raquel three years ago?

Janine, though we’d known each other only the briefest time, was apparently perceptive. “Something wrong, Joe?”

Feeling stupid, I said, “Is this where...?” I couldn’t finish.

She understood. “No, I want a new memory with you. Still want to do this?”



I had an immediate answer for that. I drew her to me and kissed her again, ferociously. Her firm breasts pressed against me. She reached down to grab my ass, as I did the same to her, squeezing the lush swells of flesh. She jammed her crotch against my blatant hard-on, rubbing against me enticingly.

Our clothing suddenly felt ridiculous. With the moist night air soaking us, we undressed each other. Her bare body revealed itself in glistening stages. The dress dropped off her shoulders, then her breasts broke free. I slipped the moist garment over her hips. It fell to the sand. She helped me out of my shirt and pants.

Naked, she was a spectral wonder in the moonlight, an exquisite female shape. Her luscious tits heaved with her rapid breaths, her nipples stiff and pink. Her dark hair flowed to her bare shoulders. She looked me over with an intensely lustful gaze, pausing to study my rock-hard cock.

A moment later, we were back in each other’s arms, kissing wildly. Her slickened flesh slid against mine. I cupped one breast, then the other, letting the slippery nipples slide under my fingers. She licked my throat, then reached down for my balls, bouncing them lightly on her fingers. A

shivery excitement ran through me.

I fingered her pussy, finding her dripping wet. Her aroma was tantalizing. I slid slowly to my knees in front of her, kissing and licking my way down her body and tasting the sting of salty sweat. She planted her feet apart in the sand. As I settled my face into place, she tilted her pussy toward my mouth.

Now her beguiling scent truly overwhelmed me. Her pussy was shaved, and I traced my tongue teasingly over the bare flesh. I flicked at her pussy lips, making her moan. I delved deeper, parting her oily groove with my tongue tip, letting her first juices spill into my mouth.

When I stabbed my tongue all the way up inside her, she gave a fierce groan. Her sweaty thighs closed on either side of my face, and she grabbed hold of my hair in two fistfuls. As I touched her sensitive clit with my tongue, she started humping hard against my mouth. I slurped and licked and let her ride my face.

Soon she was bucking uncontrollably. Her soft cry tore the humid night, and her juice flooded onto my tongue. It was warm as I swallowed it. She stepped back, releasing my hair. I stood up, grinning and wet-faced.

She came to me and licked her nectar

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▶ SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

off my lips and chin, then kissed a trail down my chest and hard abs. By the time she knelt before me, I was aching for the feel of her mouth on my cock.

I shuddered as she swirled my cockhead with her tongue. She fondled my balls again, sending more thrilling pleasures through me. I looked down to

**“SHE SUCKED ME
RIGHT DOWN TO
THE HILT,
GROWLING
HUNGRILY AS SHE
DID SO.”**

watch my dick disappear into her plunging mouth. She sucked me right down to the hilt, growling hungrily as she did so, which made my come simmer in my balls.

She was an incredible cocksucker, with an obvious mastery over her gag reflex. Her tongue was like a feisty little serpent, slithering over my shaft as she lifted and dropped her mouth on me again and again. I wound my fingers into the dark sweaty tangle of her hair and started actively fucking her face. She took my every thrust.

But I held back from going off in her mouth. I wanted her pussy, whose taste was still tingling on my tongue. I stepped back, and she looked up at me with blazing eyes. Abruptly, she performed a neat pivot and went over onto her hands and knees, facing away from me. She looked back over her shoulder.

I didn't need any further invitation. I knelt on the white sand behind her, facing the

twin hemispheres of her stunning ass. When I set my spit-wet cockhead to her dripping entry, she shoved back against me, taking me into her body with one long lunge. I grunted with surprised pleasure.

I started stroking into her, my tempo urgent. I thrust deep, feeling the wet grip of her. That succulent ass rippled as I pounded into her from behind. Her backbone flexed, her skin alight with moonshine and perspiration.

The tireless waves crashed ashore, and the hot night seethed around us. Time fled into the darkness. For a moment it seemed I was transported back to three years ago. This could be Raquel I was fucking. But then the memory dissolved, and I wasn't sad to see it go. Raquel was the sweet past. Janine was the beautiful present. Both women were for one night only, and I knew it.

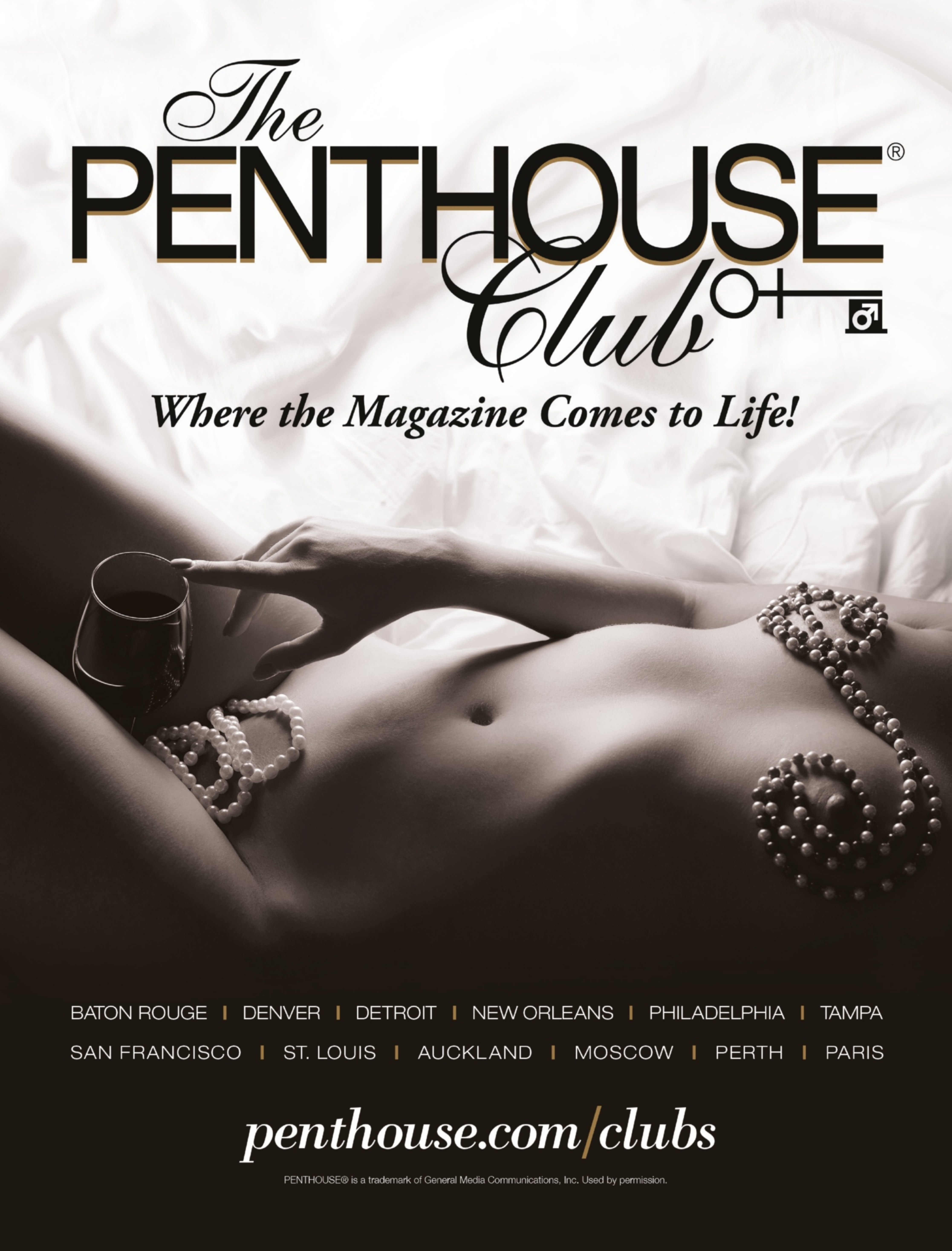
Dark hair clung stickily to her naked shoulders. I slammed her pussy and felt her quake through another climax, one that had her calling out a name. I thought at first it was that of her former lover, but no—she'd cried out for me.

Janine disengaged and moved me over onto my back. The sand was like a soft bed. She climbed on top of me, grinning, seeing me and only me. She started riding my straining cock with agile gusto. I looked up in wonder at the taut limberness of her body. I reached up to maul her tits, tweaking her excited nipples.

Sweat coursed down her. Flecks of it dotted my chest, my face. I thrust up into her, meeting her downward plunges. Torrid bliss swept over me. I felt my balls tightening. When my first jet erupted, she tore into a fresh climax of her own, writhing atop my spewing pole.

I called out a name into the damp night. I heard it echo along the vacant beach. It was Janine's name. She would be burned into my mind, right alongside Raquel. Janine, too, was a kindred spirit, I realized. And on this single night together we had both reconciled with our memories and set each other free. ☪





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LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES

MOONSTRUCK

My boyfriend, Dave, wasn't pressuring me, but I knew he wanted to have sex outdoors. He'd done it lots with a previous girlfriend and said it was always a fantastic experience. I didn't doubt him. In fact, secretly I wanted to do it with him, but I was just too damn scared.

"What if we get caught?" I said to Jeanie, my best friend.

"That's half the fun!" She grinned. She was pretty—and pretty adventurous.

"I don't want to be arrested for public indecency or whatever," I retorted, knocking back the glass of wine she'd poured me.

Jeanie laughed. "No! Just be smart and pick a good spot. It's all about the possibility of being caught. It adds such a thrill!"

She sounded like Dave, and their

arguments were starting to sound valid. "Where have you done it outdoors?" I asked.

Dreamily, she checked off locales on her fingers. "A nature trail, the beach, a parking lot, the zoo..."

"You're such an animal!"

"That last one was at night. A 100-to-one odds we'd get caught, but it got me super-excited anyway."

I sighed, but the sound that fell from my lips was dreary not dreamy. "I could never have sex at the zoo."

"That's for the advanced class." Jeanie drained her own glass of wine. "For a beginner like you, I'd recommend the park. Like the one two blocks from here. Lots of trees, not many streetlights around..."

The idea sounded very exciting, but I shook my head. "I'm afraid I'd chicken out with Dave if we went."

Jeanie eyed me. "What if you didn't go with Dave? What if I took you?"

I actually gasped aloud. I started to

shake my head again, but then the notion took hold of me. Years ago when we'd first met, Jeanie and I'd had a fun lezzie thing going for a while. But it was our friendship that had endured. Really, I felt more comfortable with her than anyone else, even Dave.

"We couldn't," I said unconvincingly and shivering with excitement.

Jeanie knew I was turned on; she remembered all the signs. She stood up, grinning as she handed me a dark sweatshirt. "I know you want this, Deb. Let's go."

Though I was still nervous, this seemed like the perfect solution to me. I felt really safe with Jeanie.

I put on her sweatshirt, and we slipped out of her apartment into the night.

I reminded myself this wasn't really exhibitionism. The idea was not to be seen. Rather, we were supposed to enjoy the potential of disastrous consequences if we were caught. As we approached the dark area that was the park, I looked around at the houses and apartment buildings surrounding the space. All those windows. What if somebody was watching? Fear tickled my gut, sending a thrill straight to my cunt.

Confidently, Jeanie led me along, still grinning. I remembered all the sweet times we'd had, how her fingers had felt inside me, the savory taste of her pussy on my tongue. Excitement rose in me, matching the strength of my anxiety.

My heart was beating hard as we turned off the sidewalk and started up a trail that led into the trees. The branches closed over us, and the light from the streetlamps became a dim distant glow. I squinted to see where we were going. Jeanie took my hand, and her touch, as always, was comforting.

The park wasn't fenced off, but it was closed from dusk to dawn according to a sign we passed. The rule was intended to keep out rambunctious kids, I guessed. But it meant Jeanie and I were now officially violating some municipal statute.



I looked back and could still see the street. Jeanie tugged my hand. "Come on," she whispered. "There's a good spot farther in."

I wanted to hush her, suddenly afraid her voice would carry to some nosy neighbor's window. Hell, for all I knew half a dozen concerned citizens had seen us slip into the park and had already called the cops. I hoped the dark clothing we were both wearing provided good enough camouflage.

We turned off the trail and skirted an empty playground. I winced at the sound of our footfalls, even as quiet as we were being. All my senses were heightened by the stress-inducing situation. This was supposed to be fun?

But through my nerves, I realized it actually was fun. It was the twisted joy of doing something you knew was naughty. I held Jeanie's hand tighter but more from excitement than fear at this point. She was just a shadow among the foliage, but suddenly my pussy was aching for her.

I stopped and pulled her toward me. When I kissed her, she made a muffled sound of surprise. I delved my tongue into her mouth. She kissed me back for a moment, then chuckled softly and said, "We're almost there, baby."

By the time we reached her "spot," I was desperate for her. Dave probably would have gotten bent out of shape if I'd fucked around with another guy, but he would be okay with me and Jeanie, I was sure.

The place she'd taken me to was a small clearing among the trees, where pine needles made a soft bed on the ground. Gentle moonlight fell from the sky. Jeanie turned to me, her eyes alight. I rushed into her arms, and we kissed again but deeper this time as our bodies began to grind.

I drew her even more tightly against me, mashing our tits together. She started tugging at my clothes. I froze for a moment, keenly aware that we were somewhere without walls,



"SHE GROWLED SOFTLY AND JAMMED HER FINGERS IN AND OUT OF ME, QUICKER AND HARDER."

without privacy. But Jeanie's touch was fantastically arousing. She got the sweatshirt off me, followed by my shirt. Then she was working the snap on my jeans.

As I stood naked, a breeze stirred the trees and I felt it on my vulnerable flesh. The fear came back, but it had to compete with my overwhelming arousal. And my arousal was winning the fight. Jeanie stripped as well, and I beheld her in the soft moonlight. I quivered at the sight of her bare feminine beauty.

We lunged at one another once more and embraced, cool skin on cool skin. I kissed her savagely, reaching around to squeeze the sweet halves of her succulent ass. She groped my tits, catching my achingly stiff nipples between her knuckles and applying just the right amount of pressure to urge a strangled cry from my throat.

When she reached between my legs and traced her fingertips along my slick pussy groove, I had to bury my face against her neck to keep from yelping.

Pleasure raged through my body, which was awash in gooseflesh. She slipped a finger inside me. I took hold of her tits like the outcroppings on a cliff face, hanging on for my life as she proceeded to probe me deeper and deeper.

I ground down on her intruding digit. She added a second finger and started caressing my swollen clit with her thumb. As she worked, I nibbled hungrily on her lovely nipples. She growled softly and jammed her fingers in and out of me, quicker and harder.

When I came, I experienced a state of incredible euphoria. I was doing something private in a public place. I did feel naughty, but that naughtiness was intoxicating. Orgasmic energy burst through me, lighting up every cell in my body. Around us, the trees gently swayed and creaked. I was aware of the raw ground beneath my bare feet.

Jeanie stepped back, raising her hand to suck her juice-wet fingers. I grabbed her wrist and helped her lick her hand clean. But it wasn't the taste of my own pussy that I was most interested in now. Shivering with need, I drew her down onto the pine-needle-strewn earth. On her back, she spread her creamy thighs. She glowed beneath the moonlight, her naked body as gorgeous and alluring as I remembered. I wondered if Dave might want to take Jeanie to bed with us some time, but that was a thought for later. At that moment, she was all mine.

I knelt between Jeanie's spread legs. Her pussy gleamed invitingly. I ran my hands up her smooth thighs, gratified to see her squirm in anticipation. I lowered my head, inhaling her aroma. But I could

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also smell the earthy scents of growing things, of pine needles, of dirt. It gave the scene a strange primeval ambience, like this was truly sex in the wild, uncivilized and urgent.

I trailed my tongue along the scrumptious line of her cleft. The tang of her pussy awoke memories on my tongue. I licked her deeper, parting her lips and finding her lush interior. Her ass shifted on the pine needles, and I heard her sigh softly. Once more I worried about the sound carrying—but to my surprise, a mischievous part of me hoped someone would actually overhear us.

As I ate her pussy harder, smearing her juices over my lips and chin, that feeling escalated. I thought about hearing footsteps approaching. I imagined flashlights flickering through the tree trunks. What if cops suddenly closed in on us from all sides, catching us naked in the middle of this dirty scene? The idea of that—terrifying as it was—set off a new flurry of excitement in me.

Jeanie's clit throbbed as I caressed it with my tongue tip. At the same time I reached between my own legs and teased my pussy, feeling a pulse of need within me. As I began to tongue-fuck

**“I REACHED
BETWEEN MY LEGS
AND TEASED MY
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PULSE OF NEED
WITHIN ME.”**

Jeanie, I fingered myself.

The soft night breeze blew over our bare bodies. A leaf twirled down and landed on Jeanie's heaving belly. Cicadas trilled in the treetops. I was still listening for footsteps and the jingle of a policeman's belt. Maybe Jeanie was right—getting caught was only the slimmest possibility, but even that narrow chance turned this event into something insanely exciting and adventurous.

Jeanie's hips were jerking. I had two fingers buried up to the knuckles inside myself. She humped hard against my mouth. Suddenly, we were both coming.

Pleasure raked every part of me. Jeanie's juices flooded my mouth. The night turned bright around us, and for a wild instant I thought the flashlights had indeed found us. But then my vision settled back, and we were bathed in soothing semi-darkness again.

We dressed hastily and went slinking back to her place. I realized with certainty that I never would have been able to try this for the first time with Dave. But now that Jeanie had introduced me to outdoor sex, I knew I would have to do it again and again.

—D.R., Scituate, Rhode Island

ON THE PEG

I dropped the bag on the counter like it was a sack of groceries. Dean was making pasta sauce and didn't pay much attention to it until he was trying to find the tin of raw sugar and the bag was in his way.

“What's in there?”

I opened a bottle of water and kicked off my heels. “Something we'd talked about many moons ago. The memory was reignited today, so I grabbed it while I had the chance.”

He cocked an eyebrow at me, wiped his hands on a towel and opened the paper bag. His expression was unreadable as he studied its contents.

“What reignited *that* memory?” he asked.

I laughed. “Seeing it, of course. Alexis wanted to visit the—and I quote—‘new dirty shop’ around the corner. She asked me to go with her. And amidst all the vibrators, fur-lined handcuffs and penis candles sat this beauty. I pretended I'd left my phone in the store when we left and ran back in to buy it. No worries. I shoved it in my backpack. She never even knew I bought anything.” He shook his head.

“I wouldn't care if she did.”

It was true. Dean didn't care a lick what other people thought. I guess it was me that cared, though Alexis wouldn't have judged me. I'm just a private person.

I ran a finger around the lip of the bag, peeking inside at the cobalt blue dildo and strap-on harness. "How do you feel about giving it a run?" He smiled and went back to his sauce.

"Pretty good. You?"

"I'm dying to give it a shot," I said. Then I grabbed his ass and squeezed.

I wasn't sure if he'd want to try the new toy that night or not, but as dinner proceeded I figured the answer was yes.

"You'll be gentle," he said, grating Parmesan cheese at the table like we were having a normal dinner conversation.

Of course. Until you want it otherwise."

He raised an eyebrow.

"I'm just saying. It gets easier as you go. What feels impossible at the beginning might feel too gentle after a while."

"I find that amazing."

I shrugged and accepted some cheese on top of my meal.

"I wouldn't say it if it weren't true. Of course"—I reached beneath the table and squeezed his leg—"we go at your speed. Whatever you can handle. Whatever you want."

"Well, I want to eat this lovely meal and then have you fuck my ass."

I almost choked on my pasta. Not because of the sentiment, but because of the way he put it. Blunt was Dean's way.

"Your wish is my command," I said.

We didn't rush dinner. I was excited to get to pegging, but I also didn't want it to seem rushed. I was willing to take all night to make Dean's dreams come true.

After the dishes were loaded in the dishwasher, he grabbed the paper bag, gave me a look and walked upstairs. I was close on his heels, ready to get to the fucking. The moment I'd



bought the strap-on my arousal level had gone off the charts. Now we were walking toward the bedroom, and I was mentally sliding my big, blue dick into his virgin ass.

I let out a sigh, and he turned to smile at me.

"Anticipation," he sang.

"I've been waiting a long time to do this."

"Me, too," he said, waggling his eyebrows playfully.

I expected he'd want to take his time, but he immediately took his clothes off and turned to me with his cock hard and excitement shining in his eyes. "How do we do this?"

"Same way you do it to me. Only we should go slower. I've been there and done that. You have not."

"Now I will."

"Now you will." I took his cock in my

hand and stroked him. He was already hard. He was already ready. More excited than I thought he'd be.

His eyes drifted shut, and he let his head tilt back. I continued to run my fist up and down his length and then dragged my fingers over his shaft. I ran my thumb along the sensitive tip and his hips jerked forward.

I dropped to my knees before him. "The key," I said softly, licking a path up the underside of his cock and then down the top, "is for you to be super turned on. Then your body just goes along for the ride and you have a good time."

I cupped his balls in my hand as I sucked his shaft. When Dean released another moan, I wet a finger in my mouth and worked the tip of my spit-slick finger into his ass before taking as much of his cock into my throat as I could.

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His hands came down on my head, and his fingers sifted through my hair. He tugged lightly but not a lot. Dean was rarely rough, but when he did get that way—bossy and urgent—it made the moment all the more thrilling.

I sucked and licked until the taste of him grew stronger as pre-come coated my tongue. The salty flavor of man flooded my mouth, and I stood. He was ready.

“Get on the bed on your belly,” I ordered.

As he complied, I found the lube in the bedside table and put a bunch on my fingers. Returning to the bed, I dropped soft kisses on his back and ass cheeks before slipping a single finger into his ass once more, slowly working it in and out.

I waited to feel him relax and listened for the sounds of pleasure. He was soon groaning and rocking back to meet my thrusting finger. I carefully added a second to his spasming hole. I let his body grip me tight and waited to feel that subtle relaxation that gave me permission to continue. When it came, I fucked him easily with my fingers, stroking his body with my free hand.

“I want it,” he said, his shaky voice muffled somewhat by the pillow, but hearing the words still thrilled me. I fought the urge to let out a giddy little laugh.

“I want it, too,” I said. “Jerk your cock—slowly—while I put this thing on.”

He rolled to his back and leisurely worked his cock with his fist as he watched me. His eyes glittered with arousal.

I stripped completely and stepped into the harness, positioning its G-spot stimulator inside myself. My pussy was wet, and the toy slipped in as easy

**“I TOOK HIS COCK
IN MY HAND AND
STROKED HIM. HE
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WAS READY.”**

as pie. Then I proceeded to stroke the bright silicone cock, feeling each movement resonate inside my pussy. When I climbed onto the bed, Dean was watching me with wide brown eyes.

“Suck my dick,” I said.

He made a low humming noise and got up on his hands and knees. He ran his tongue along the tip of the phallus. Then he sucked it into his mouth tentatively before backing off. I watched him intently as he ran his mouth down one side of the blue shaft and then up the other. He licked the tip and gazed up at me. I thought I’d come just from the sight of the pleading look in his eyes.

“Turn around.”

He did, presenting his ass to me. I cupped his balls and massaged them and petted his ass with my other hand. He relaxed under my touch.

I touched his hole with a lubed finger and then slipped it inside. When I added a second, he bucked, but I could tell it was from pleasure, not pain. I slowly finger-fucked him until he said, “Please, baby. Don’t keep me waiting anymore.”

I nodded, more to myself because he couldn’t see me. I slickened up the toy with a generous amount of lube and pressed the tip to the tight star of his anus. I watched with amazement as his ass opened for me, swallowing my dick and gripping it tightly at the same time. I’d wanted to do this for so long, and it was really happening!

I proceeded slowly until Dean grunted and pushed back. Then I grabbed his hips and slid in fully. When the root of my strap-on hit his ass cheeks, the motion nudged the toy inside me and rocked my G-spot. We both moaned at the same time.

I started to move in lazy thrusts. Every time the dildo hit my G-spot, pleasure flooded me, and every time he made a noise, I gripped his hips a little tighter.

As I drove into him, he humped the air, moving forward like he was fucking.

“Stroke your cock,” I said. Dean



steadied himself and grabbed his dick. I watched his shoulder flex and relax as he jerked off in time with my thrusts into his ass.

"Does it feel good?" I asked. My pussy was growing tighter, and I had to concentrate to utter every word.

His arm was moving furiously. Dean nodded. "Yes. I had no fucking idea..."

He left it at that as I worked him a bit faster, slamming in and out of him with a steady rhythm.

Meanwhile, the cockhead inside me banged my most tender places. I reached up with one hand to pinch my nipples, while my other hand still gripped his hip tightly. He was trembling with pleasure and grunting as he continued to stroke his dick.

"Are you going to come?" I asked him, realizing that I would very soon. The sight was a big enough turn-on for me, but feeling the pressure of that toy inside me each time I drove into him was pushing me closer and closer to climaxing.

"Fuck me," he said. "Harder..."

I obeyed, his words shooting a bolt of pleasure right down the center of me. I found myself gasping, trying to hold on. But after a few more strokes, I couldn't and my orgasm hit me hard. I cried out, clutching his trim hips and fucking him fast and hard. I felt the gush of my own nectar running down the tops of my thighs and heard him whimper as he listened to my climax.

After a few more strokes, he pulled off me and rolled to his back, his fist working his cock furiously.

I took one look at him and batted his hand away. I wrapped my lips around his shaft and started to suck. I pushed my fingers into his very willing ass, thrusting them over and over again as I blew him.

Dean's hips up shot up to meet me—his sounds were desperate, animalistic. It only made me love the moment more. Before long, he was tugging my hair and fucking my mouth.



He cried out my name and exploded, his come coating my tongue with bursts of salty cream. I gave him a few more sucks and rolled away.

"So...how was your first time?"

"Oh, I can't complain," he said with a dreamy smile.

—C.G., Tampa, Florida

PLAYERS

Anna and I have been married for more than five years. We met in college and were virgins at the time. We have not had any other bed partners—until recently. And it all started at the local chess club.

We both like to play board games—I met Anna during a Scrabble tournament—and I like to play chess. I play online, but I really like to play someone face-to-face. Chess isn't Anna's game—I always beat her, even if I take it easy—so I was happy to discover a chess club at our local library. I started to go, looking for someone who was more equally matched with me, and I met someone right away. But he wasn't the type of guy I expected to meet over chess!

Billy was older than me—somewhere in his 40s, I guess—with lots of tattoos, an earring, and rings on almost every finger. He wore his long gray hair in a ponytail, and I later learned he rode a motorcycle and played in a rock band.

I was setting up the pieces when Billy strolled by.

"Interested in a game?" he asked, and I

probably gave him a questioning look that was rude, but he laughed and said, "Don't worry, kid. I know the rules."

I apologized and told him to have a seat. We proceeded to have a great game that ended in a draw. We played a couple more; I won and then he won. By that time the library was closing.

Billy and I became good friends. He was also into games, and even collected vintage ones. We started to go out after our matches to grab some beers and discuss chess. Soon we opened up more about our lives. He mentioned he was married, and I told him I was, too. He invited me and Anna over for drinks and a game night, which was right up our alley. We were both excited to make new friends.

Erika—Billy's wife—was a tall, stunning blonde from Eastern Europe, a complete contrast to my adorable wife. Anna is just over five feet, with a kind of chipmunk look, but she's got very large breasts. Erika's close to six feet tall and thin, like an elegant shorebird. Billy must have been 20 years older than her.

That first night was a friendly get-together. We played Scrabble and Parcheesi, the latter I hadn't played in years. The girls got along great, and we all had a blast. It was only after we went home and rehashed some of the conversations we'd had that we realized something was up.

"Billy mentioned we might want to check out this place in town that they like," I said, telling Anna the name of the club. She didn't know anything about it, but said Erika had also brought it up and asked if Anna had ever experimented.

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"I thought maybe she was talking about drugs," Anna confessed. "I didn't know what to do, so I changed the subject."

Curious, we looked online for info about the place and were shocked discover it was a swing club!

"Oh my God, they're swingers!" Anna exclaimed. The news shocked us into silence, and that night neither one of us said another word about our discovery. Though I was fairly certain Anna was behaving just like me: obsessively reexamining the evening's conversations in light of this startling revelation about our new friends.

The next morning, Anna and I were talking over breakfast when she suddenly interjected, "Did you find Erika sexy?"

"That's a loaded question," I answered, speaking slowly and wondering where she was going with this. "Yes, I guess so."

She laughed. "Oh come on, she's gorgeous!"

"Well, do you think Billy is attractive?"

Anna stirred her coffee, looking pensive. She was thinking about it! I was more than a little surprised. She wasn't the kind of girl who went for tattooed bikers—or so I'd thought.

"Yes, in a bad-boy sort of way," she replied.

We sat there for a while talking, and I soon realized we both wanted to swing with Billy and Erika!

That night I called Billy and invited him and Erika to our place for dinner and more games. We made plans for the weekend. Anna and I kept telling each other that if swapping didn't feel right, we wouldn't go through with it. But I could sense our mutual excitement growing, and I was certain our evening was going to take a sexy turn.

On that fateful night, Anna dressed a little racier than she would have for a normal dinner party. Her dress's plunging neckline nearly reached her navel, and she didn't wear a bra. When I saw Erika I knew that she was on a similar wavelength because she wore a slinky dress with a hip-high side split. Her long legs were bare, and I was pretty sure, she wasn't wearing any underwear.

While I was admiring Erika's lanky loveliness, Billy didn't hide his appreciation of my curvy wife, either. We were in for a wild ride.

Despite the fact that the air was

charged with erotic electricity, we played it cool for a good long while. We ate, enjoyed a few games and chatted, but during a pause in the conversation my little Anna broke the ice.

"We looked up that club you mentioned," she said. "Do you guys really go there?"

Billy smiled slyly, and Erika blushed. "We do," he said. "I know it's not for everyone, but monogamy is just not for me—and it's not for Erika, either."

Erika jumped in to say we were welcome to go and simply take in the sights. "Not everyone plays, some people go just to watch—or be watched," she added in her charming accent. "We brought it up because we thought you might be interested."

Anna's curiosity was off the charts, and she made no effort to hide it. "So you two have sex with other people."

Billy, for the first time since I'd met him, seemed shy. "Yeah, we do."

"Wow," Anna said, with a dreamy look in her eyes that made my cock hard.

Billy and Erika looked at each other and laughed, which made Anna and I laugh, too. Then Erika sat next to me and put her hand on my thigh as Anna snuggled up next to Billy, both women behaving as if it were the most natural thing in the world. In no time we were each kissing someone else, and there wasn't a hint of jealousy.

For a good while it was only a make-out session, but things progressed rapidly. Erika and I were sucking on each other's tongues, and I slipped my hand beneath her dress and confirmed she had indeed gone commando. She began massaging my hard cock through my pants, and as I reveled in her touch I looked over to see Billy massaging my wife's fulsome tits through her dress. She made it easier for him by moving the fabric aside so her magnificent melons were out in the open. She pulled him down to her chest; he took the hint and sucked on her nipples.

"You know, we didn't give you guys the grand tour," I managed to croak. "Would



you like to see our bedroom?"

Billy and Erika mumbled affirmative answers, and we all proceeded upstairs. Our king-size bed was big enough for four. Erika gave Anna a questioning look. Anna responded with a silent nod, so Erika began undressing her. The women stepped out of their shoes and slipped out of their dresses, and in a wink of an eye they were gloriously nude. They sat side-by-side on the bed. Erika cupped Anna's breasts, and though Anna was surprised, she did nothing to discourage her and leaned in to kiss Erika flush on the mouth.

This was something I hadn't dared imagine—my Anna kissing another beautiful woman. My cock was so hard I had to let it free. I started stripping, oblivious to Billy. Turned out he was already naked, which I noticed when he approached Anna with his long cock bobbing in front of him. She looked up at him and smiled, gave his balls a stroke, and then took his dick into her mouth.

I approached Erika in the same manner—naked and with a killer hard-on. She sucked my aching erection between her lips and gave me a super blowjob, bringing me almost to the edge. But when I got too close to orgasm, she backed off and just looked up at me with her big beautiful eyes.

By now Anna and Billy were in a 69 with her on top. I watched her lower her head on his big cock while moaning because he was eating her pussy. It was monkey-see, monkey-do, as Erika and I got into the same position. All I could see was her glistening pussy, which I attacked with my tongue. I became so engrossed in her that I forgot my wife was doing the same thing right next to me with another man.

As if we were guided by a silent, unseen choreographer, the four of us soon shifted positions. The girls were on their backs, and the guys were between their legs. I sank my wood into Erika, and she was like wet, warm velvet. This time



"SHE SUCKED MY ACHING ERECTION BETWEEN HER LIPS AND GAVE ME A SUPER BLOWJOB."

I got a better look at Anna, whose large tits were jiggling as Billy pounded her. She looked so beautiful, and then she turned and smiled at me, offering me a sassy wink.

That's when Billy announced he was going to come, and he pulled out and sprayed my wife's tits. I was close, too, so I followed suit by frosting Erika's boobs. The girls then turned to each other and kissed. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

After a break, we resumed the action with our respective spouses. Billy and I each fucked our own wife from behind. Anna really likes it that way, and I love to see her nice round ass bounce as I give it to her doggy-style. Billy had Erika flat on the bed as he pounded her with his dick. Feeling very spirited, I yelled "Switch!" Billy laughed and stood up,

allowing me to take his place, while he slipped his cock into Anna.

The women were ready to come, and they both took the opportunity to finger their clits and drive themselves closer to climaxing. When Erika's cunt clamped down on me, I shot off inside her. Billy said he couldn't last much longer, and his orgasmic howl was followed by the little mewling sounds I know Anna makes when she comes.

We collapsed on the bed and eventually paired off in the shower. First, me and Erika, then Billy and Anna. Erika soaped me from head to toe before sucking me some more, and then I fingered her to another orgasm. I don't know what Anna and Billy did, but Anna looked very satisfied when she came out of the bathroom.

Our first experience with swinging was such a success that we had another special night with our new friends—and next weekend we're going to their favorite club. The more the merrier!

—S.R., via email

Some say the first time is the greatest—until you have the chance to do it all again. But some virgin sexcapades are so memorable they deserve to be shared, so tell us about yours! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



↘ THREE FOR ALL

■ SWEET MUSIC

Some men achieve threesomes; others have threesomes thrust upon them. I wasn't expecting either to happen to me. I was a musician living on the desperate edge, playing honky-tonks and roadhouses with whatever band needed me for the night.

Not that I complained about any of it. At 22, I was already a very good guitar player and getting better with every gig. I figured I was paying my dues, and sooner or later I would get my big break.

But, goddamn, the road could make a guy horny!

I had just finished up a blistering set with a female duo who'd needed extra strings. The crowd had loved us, and I knew I'd impressed the two women, who were so good together I couldn't believe a label hadn't signed them yet.

A fetching blonde with big tits in a baby-doll tee had been watching me closely all night. She was waiting around after our set, batting her eyes at me. I hurriedly finished packing my gear, hoping we could find someplace nearby to screw.

But someone tapped my shoulder. My two bandmates for the night, Lisa and Erin, looked at me with solemn expressions. I thought they were going to make some stupid fuss about my cut of the gate, but Lisa said, "You were great tonight."

"Thanks," I responded, eager to end the small talk and make my way to the blonde.

"We've got a gig tomorrow night. We've got to leave right now to make it there. We want you to come with us," Erin said, speaking as seriously as Lisa had.

"Uh..." I looked at the buxom blonde, my body aching for sex. The chick ran her tongue teasingly over her lips, and I



nearly creamed myself.

"We'll pay you double what you made tonight."

Damn. I absolutely couldn't pass it up. I shrugged to the blonde and hauled my gear to Lisa and Erin's van. I settled in the back on a big secondhand mattress, among all the sound equipment and instruments. I was glad for the promised money, but I felt sulky anyway. While Lisa and Erin were firebrands on stage and both women were quite attractive, they seemed pretty dull when they weren't performing. I didn't expect the ride to be particularly fun.

Also, I was blue-balled horny. The two women, sitting up front, said nothing as we drove off. But that's what a road musician's life is like.

As I lay down on the mattress, my head filled with images of the blonde. I imagined peeling that T-shirt off her and sucking on her big tits. I thought of burying my head between her thighs and eating her pussy till she squealed. Then I'd sink my throbbing cock in her dripping hole and fuck her into a state of ecstasy. Maybe I'd even pull out and spray her tits and face when I was ready to shoot my load.

I was still pumped from the energy

of the gig, but fatigue won out in the end. My useless fantasies of the blonde pulled me down into a twitchy sleep. The van hummed underneath me as we sped into the night.

Sometime later I stirred awake, but reality was so fuzzy I felt as if I was still dreaming. I felt the mattress shift. I'd been sleeping along one edge of it. I blinked my eyes open, now aware that the van was no longer moving.

I heard strange but familiar sounds. There was no longer an ambient glow from the dashboard lights, but the van's rear windows were silvered with moonlight.

Enough illumination came through to reveal the two bodies entwined beside me on the wide mattress. Now my eyes sprang open completely, and my heart raced with the abrupt shock. I was lying next to two naked bodies. Two writhing, squirming, kissing groping bodies. Two beautiful female bodies.

My brain put the facts together quickly, but I could still hardly believe Lisa and Erin were having sex right there, so close to me. But as my eyes adjusted, I saw there was no mistaking the pair. Lisa had short red hair and a compact shape that verged on muscular. Erin was a willowy blonde,

**LISA WATCHED US
INTENTLY. I FUCKED
ERIN HARDER,
SEEING EACH
IMPACT RIPPLE
HER FLESH.”**

with beautifully long silky hair.

Lisa was on top, mauling Erin's tits, while Erin was clasp ing Lisa's ass and pulling her crotch hard against her own. The women were kissing with eager slurping tongues.

My cock sprang fully hard in my jeans. Nothing I'd fantasized about with the blonde had been as hot and incredible as this! I didn't move, afraid they'd stop. But I knew that idea was ridiculous. There was no way these two could have expected me to sleep through their torrid fuck session. The mattress bounced wildly as they wriggled together.

Erin reached into the valley of Lisa's ass to finger the redhead's pussy from behind. Lisa responded with a grunt of pleasure, tweaking Erin's nipples. Erin shifted on the mattress, encouraging Lisa to move up her lean body and straddle her face. Lisa obliged, settling her pussy on Erin's hungry mouth. I caught a brief flash of Erin's tongue before Lisa proceeded to grind her cunt on her bandmate's face.

Lisa rode her to a climax, which ended in a sharp cry of joy. Then Lisa moved back down, hunkering between Erin's slender legs to lick and lap at her pussy. Erin made soft mewling sounds. Her hips lifted, and she started humping against her friend's mouth. She came with a more demure cry.

I lay there with my blazing hard-on,



and excitement flowing over me. At last, the two women turned to look at me, their faces glistening with pussy juice. Their smiles were lazy and exuded sexiness.

"If you want to join us..." Lisa said.

"Get out of those clothes," Erin finished.

I stripped in a frenzy. The two women moved in on me from either side, laying me on my back. First, I kissed Erin, whose soft lips parted and allowed me to experience her sensual slithering tongue. Then Lisa grabbed my jaw and turned my head so she could French me like a demon. Both women's lips tasted like pussy—a wonderful flavor.

Together, they started kissing their way down my lean body. I shivered with anticipation as their mouths approached my rampant cock. One lady licked my cockhead, then the other did the same. Pleasure raced up my backbone and lit up my brain.

They did me harmonica-style for a while, each woman sliding her open mouth up and down one side of my pulsing shaft and thrilling me to my core. But some remote part of me remembered how well they'd worked together when we were all onstage. Lisa picked up Erin's chord changes seemingly an instant before she made them, and Erin backed Lisa's

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supercharged vocals so neatly she was like an echo. It had been a privilege to play with them.

That synchronization worked well for the women as they set about giving me a tag-team blowjob. I raised my head enough to see Lisa's voracious mouth plunge down my staff, applying tight suction with her sunken-in cheeks, all while Erin busied herself licking my nutsac. Then the women switched as if a silent signal had been given. I watched Erin deep-throat me without batting an eyelash, while Lisa sucked on my balls like they were candy.

They stopped before I could come and kept me on my back while Erin climbed on top of me. She set my swollen cockhead against her pussy entrance and gently lowered herself. I slipped up into her silken chamber, feeling the sweet grasp of her cunt. I reached up to caress her gorgeous tits as she took me inside her beautiful body.

She rode me slowly for a few minutes, then she kicked into high gear. Need took over her, and she rocked up and down on my straining shaft, her shiny hair swinging as her head whipped from side to side. Before long, she let out a dramatic cry and her pussy clenched tightly.

As soon as she had climbed off my cock, Lisa hopped on. She planted her feet on the mattress and did me like I was a pogo stick. Her strong energetic body flexed, muscles stretching then tightening. Her pretty face wore a fearsome grin. She braced one hand on my chest. I made a few tentative thrusts up into her, but she was determined to ride herself to her next orgasm at her own pace.

Her free hand clutched her right tit as her face contorted with pleasure. She twisted at the hips and yelled out as her climax hit her, and she pulled away from me. It only now occurred to me to wonder where we were parked, and if we were losing time we needed to get

to the next gig. But none of that seemed important at the moment.

I got up off my back. Erin had been watching Lisa ride me. Now I reached for the long-haired woman and arranged her on her hands and knees, a position she was happy to assume. I moved in behind her, my slick cock throbbing. I slotted into Erin, taking hold of her hips. I buried myself deep, savoring every inch of penetration. Her ass was a sculpted wonder. I stroked into her. Lisa watched us intently. I fucked Erin harder, seeing each impact ripple her flesh. Lisa reached under Erin to fondle her tits. She licked Erin's ear and growled obscenities to her that I could barely hear over the roaring of my own blood in my head. My balls spanked Erin's clit as my tempo increased.

I was nearly at the bursting point when she shuddered through another sudden orgasm. Afterward, she disengaged from me, and Lisa immediately threw herself on her back in front of me, spreading her legs. I aimed my cock at her glistening pussy, seriously in need of release.

I plowed her pussy, ramming into her savagely. Erin caressed Lisa's tits, bending down to flick her tongue over one nipple, then the other. Apparently, I gave Lisa exactly what she needed because she soon quaked through yet another climax of her own. I was seconds away myself, ready to blast off deep inside her pussy. But that's when she cried out, "Come on my tits and face!"

Already howling with orgasmic fury, I pulled out and started jetting on Lisa. Erin stuck her face in the line of fire as well, and the two women caught strands of my joy juice on their tongues as I jerked my shaft. What they missed, they licked off each other afterward as I sat back, panting.

They'd allowed extra time for this roadside stop, and making our next gig wasn't a problem. We were a big hit again, and the ladies asked me to join up with them permanently. So we're now a trio—a very happy and talented trio.

—K.J., via email



THREE'S COMPANY

walked into the restaurant to find Dan sitting with a handsome young man with auburn hair and blue eyes. The stranger smiled at me and reached out a hand when Dan said, "Baby, this is Marcus."

Dan had told me to meet him at the place for date night. The extra company was an unexpected twist.

I shook the man's hand, still a bit confused. He gave my fingers a gentle squeeze, lingering for a long moment before releasing me. My stomach flip-flopped like I was riding a roller coaster, and I cleared my throat nervously.

"Nice to meet you, Marcus," I said on autopilot.

I sat next to Dan, and he put his hand high on my thigh. He raised a finger to the waiter and ordered me a Chardonnay when our server arrived.

"I can see the confusion on your face," Dan said, chuckling. He patted my thigh as I bristled, embarrassed he'd say such a thing in front of a stranger.

"I'm fine."

"You're lying, sweetheart. Let me explain."

I looked him in the eye and then turned to do the same to Marcus. "Explain, then."

"Once your drink arrives," my husband assured me. I tapped my fingernails on the table as we waited. Finally, my Chardonnay showed up, and the small, dark-haired waiter handed it over as if it were made of gold.

"We'll take a charcuterie platter," Dan said, ever confident being in control of any situation.

"Very good, sir," the waiter replied before hurrying off.

"Okay. Here's my wine," I said, raising my glass. Both men lifted theirs as well. I took a sip of the cold, crisp Chardonnay and said, "Now explain."

"I brought Marcus to meet you because we're both going to fuck you.



"I CAME WITH A SHARP, SUDDEN CRY THAT HAD DAN GROWLING LIKE AN ANIMAL."

Together. Tonight."

My head went fuzzy, and it wasn't from the wine. Dan and I had discussed threesomes before, but always as a fantasy. I thought we were just sharing dirty dreams, and yet as I stared my husband in the eye, I realized he was dead serious. I also realized my cunt was wet—very wet.

My gaze strayed to Marcus, and he inclined his head and gave me a small smile. My heartbeat quickened, and I shifted in my seat because my pulse was palpable in my pussy.

"I..." My voice trailed off. At the moment I was quite literally speechless.

Dan patted my leg again. I sighed and sipped my wine to buy myself a little more time.

"What do I say?" I asked, uncrossing and re-crossing my legs. The motion didn't help my arousal a lick. If anything it made my situation much worse. My pussy thumped in time with my heart.

"You can say yes," Dan suggested, "or you can say no."

I looked at Marcus with his reddish-

brown hair and his big blue eyes. When he smiled emotion flashed in his eyes. I wondered what the hell was in those pants. Was his cock big, average, medium? Was he as thick as Dan, or was he thinner and longer?

I licked my lips without thinking and heard Dan laugh. He squeezed my leg, and I clenched my pussy tight just to feel the responding spark of pleasure.

My husband leaned close to me and pressed his mouth to my ear. His breath was hot as it puffed across my lobe when he whispered, "I really hope you'll say yes."

I glanced at Marcus, who smiled as if in agreement.

"I haven't even finished my drink."

"Finish your drink." Dan sat back as the charcuterie plate was delivered. "We'll eat and talk and drink."

I downed my drink and nibbled on some food—my mind totally preoccupied by the fact that I was going to get fucked by both of those men at once.

When the table was clear, I turned to my husband. I couldn't wait any longer.

"I take it you'd like to go home," he said, responding to the desperate look in my eyes.

I nodded. "I would."

"What do you say, Marcus?"

"I'd like that, too," he replied confidently.

Dan settled the check, then in unison, the boys tossed back their drinks, and we all stood. My husband dragged a possessive hand from the nape of my neck to the small of my back, and as we headed toward Dan's SUV, his hand lingered at my waist. I'd be fucked by both of them, but Dan was making it clear I belonged to only one of them.

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Marcus climbed into his own car and said he'd follow us back to our place.

Dan and I barely spoke on the drive home. He just kept his hand high on my thigh. He stroked my leg through the fabric of my skirt, his gentle touch a fine bit of foreplay for me. By the time we got home, my pussy was practically soaked.

At the house, Marcus guided his sports car into the driveway, parking behind our SUV. In the rearview mirror, I watched him get out and lock the car.

Dan leaned over and kissed me. Then he placed a deliberately hard bite along the slope of my neck. I moaned slightly and shifted in my seat. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good," he growled, pushing his hand up beneath my skirt. His fingers breached my panties and slid easily into my drenched pussy for a brief but tantalizing moment.

"Let's go."

I let him lead me up the path to the house and then up the steps to our bedroom, with Marcus following

close behind. I could hear our guest's breathing as we walked.

In our bedroom Dan said, "Arms up, lovely."

I raised my hands, and he pulled my sweater over my head. Then I kicked off my heels, and he removed my skirt and panties.

"On the bed," he ordered when I was nude.

Obedying Dan's demands was the easiest thing in the world. It helped quell my nerves. I lay there on the

**"MY CUNT WAS
NOW RIDICULOUSLY
WET, AND EVERY
MUSCLE IN MY
BODY FELT
RELAXED."**

bed, watching him as he removed his clothes. Then he nodded to Marcus. "You should get undressed, too."

I watched our guest strip. Dan stroked his already hard cock as Marcus's dick bounced free of his boxers. My eyes didn't know where to go to next. There was way too much man candy in front of me.

"Kiss her," Dan said, his voice becoming throaty. Marcus moved in quickly. I let him kiss me and then he deepened our lip-lock by plunging his tongue into my mouth. His hands ran up my sides, causing my skin to erupt with goosebumps. When Dan added, "I'd like you to eat her," Marcus moaned in unison with me.

Marcus licked my pussy, swirled his tongue around my clit, and lapped and sucked at me like I was candy. Meanwhile, Dan straddled my shoulders and fucked my mouth.

"Is Marcus doing good?" he asked me. I tried to nod but couldn't. Instead, I groaned an answer around his thrusting dick. Before long, I came with a sharp, sudden cry that had Dan growling like an animal. He rolled onto his back and pulled me astride him. "Put that cunt down on this," he said, waving his hard cock.

I straddled his hips and sank down on his dick. He nodded toward Marcus and our guest came up beside me.

"Suck his cock," Dan instructed, then he thrust up beneath me. His cockhead hit my G-spot, and I shuddered.

I sucked Marcus into my mouth as I tried to move and keep my rhythm on my husband's shaft. Marcus fucked my face slowly, one hand resting on my head as his fingers threaded in my hair.

His cock brushed the back of my throat, and I gagged. Dan tsked softly and said, "Pull out of her mouth. Lube up, and put it in her ass instead."

I blinked and then stared down at Dan. "Don't worry," he said, thrusting up from beneath me. He found my clit with



his thumb and stroked it. A shiver ran through me, and my body grew warm. Excitement laced with fear wormed through me.

Marcus grabbed a bottle of lube from the nightstand and positioned himself behind me. He stroked my back hole softly. His touch was gentle and sure, and I found myself relaxing as I leaned over Dan. My husband grabbed my hair and tugged me closer for a rough kiss.

"Let him in your ass, baby. Let him fuck you. Let us both fuck you."

I nodded, words lost to me as Marcus's finger worked itself deeper. He moved slowly, and when a surge of pleasure shot through me from Dan driving up from beneath me, Marcus added a second slick finger.

Dan kissed me again, stealing my breath and my sound. He moved under me, and I clenched my cunt tight around his shaft. Marcus nudged the tip of his cock against my asshole, and I tried to relax. He advanced slowly while Dan kept up the dirty talk and continued to turn me on.

"Let him in that ass, baby."

I whimpered as Marcus stretched my back hole, entering me completely. I'd never felt so full in my life. Dan used his hands to guide my hips and keep me moving.

"Give me a kiss," he said. And I did, obediently leaning over to bring my lips to his as Marcus began to fuck my rear entrance. Dan hugged my body tight to his, pumping upward with short, hard strokes as Marcus continued to plow me. Being caught between the two of them, with both of my holes being pummeled, pushed me over the edge. I cried out against Dan's lips as my pussy and asshole spasmed.

My cunt was now ridiculously wet, and every muscle in my body felt relaxed. The two men picked up their pace, fucking me with a greater intensity. I felt captured and caught, stuffed full and utterly used. It was



wonderful. I felt my pleasure building again, the growing fullness and pressure. When Dan hissed, gritting his teeth, I knew he was right there with me.

"Come again, sweetheart," he said, his brown eyes intense. "It's time."

I bit my lip and let go, feeling Marcus's rhythm increase as he got closer to his own orgasm. Dan emptied into me seconds before I lost control. Cursing, Marcus cried out, and quickly withdrew. I felt the warm splash of his load on my back as he reached his own peak.

When I turned to look at him, he was already walking out of the room with a friendly good-bye wave.

I looked down at Dan, who asked, "And how was that, love?"

"Incredible."

"Happy?"

"With you—always."

—N.R., Poughkeepsie, New York

PARTY OF THREE

Last weekend, my coworker Nora invited me to a dinner party at her home. The evening started innocently enough, but then the conversation turned to sex. No one shared anything particularly interesting, and after a few minutes, my mind started to wander. That's when Nora proclaimed, "I've always wanted to have a threesome." Her husband, Tom, nodded, his eyes sparkling with

excitement as they landed on me. I turned Nora's words over in my head. Her revelation wasn't shocking, but I was intrigued. Nora and I had always flirted casually, but with her being married, I never thought anything would come of it.

But I wasn't just attracted to Nora. I'd been friends with her and Tom for a long time, and I'd always harbored a crush on them both. They were a sensual pair, always caressing and kissing each other. My blood ran hot whenever I was near them.

Later that evening, Nora was waiting for me outside the bathroom. Her fingers brushed my arm. "Why don't you stay a little later? You know, after everyone else has gone," she suggested with a wink. "We can open another bottle of wine and"—she shrugged—"talk."

Then she walked away to rejoin the party, as if she hadn't just propositioned me.

When all the guests had gone, Nora sat with me on the couch. She laid her hand on my thigh, her touch feather-light. When I didn't protest, her fingers began a fiery dance along my leg. Up and down, up and down she stroked, creeping ever closer to the juncture of my thighs.

My clit was already throbbing. Anticipation had left my thong damp with arousal. Just when I thought she'd make a move for my pussy, Tom reappeared. He cradled two goblets of red wine in one hand and held a tumbler of whiskey in the other.

Tom placed his drink on the coffee table, then handed the first glass of wine to me and the second to his wife.

I hope you ladies didn't have too much

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fun without me,” he said with a wicked look lighting his eyes.

Nora smiled. “We were just talking. You didn’t miss anything, promise.”

I took a sip from my wine, letting the tart liquid roll over my tongue. Tom took a seat across from us, his eyes trained on me while he swirled the whiskey in his tumbler. His gaze warmed me from the inside out, making the pulse in my pussy beat even harder.

“Kat, I know this wouldn’t be your first threesome, but what I don’t know is how you like to fuck. Tonight isn’t just about fulfilling our fantasies,” she said, nodding her head toward Tom. “I want to make sure you’re satisfied in every way. I really want us to be a good fit, because if we are”—her hand began a slow ascent from my knee up to my pussy—“tonight could be the first of many good times for us all.”

Her words intrigued me. There was a definite appeal to finding myself in Nora and Tom’s bed on a regular basis. It was time to play.

I licked my lower lip. “I like a good tongue-lashing, and I also love dick.” I paused, reaching out to brush my fingers against one of Nora’s breasts. I tickled it, teasing the center. “But it will be much more fun if you discover the rest for yourselves.”

Nora’s hand landed on top of mine. She stood and gave my wrist a tug, pulling me up from the couch and leading me down the hallway toward their bedroom. I was vaguely aware of Tom trailing behind us, but at that moment all of my attention was trained on Nora.

She ushered me on until I was facing the bed, then she unzipped my dress and let it slide to the floor. After stripping off my panties, she reached between my thighs to graze my slit with a single finger, making me shudder. She skimmed her hands across my back, pausing to unfasten the clasp of my bra. As I shimmied my shoulders to send my bra falling to the floor, Nora spun me around,



**“MY AROUSAL
WAS SO ACUTE I
SWORE MY BODY
WOULD
SPONTANEOUSLY
COMBUST.”**

her eyes boring into mine. She pushed me back on the bed and began to undress herself.

One quick pull and Nora’s dress descended, unveiling a perfectly toned abdomen and small, perky tits. Better still, Nora wasn’t wearing any underwear. My mouth went dry, and I licked my lips, committing every curve to memory.

Nora hovered over me, her lips brushing against my neck, trailing little nips and licks along my throat. I looked up to see Tom standing behind her, slowly stroking his thick erection while he watched his wife worship me.

Her mouth moved down to my tits, her tongue circling one nipple, and then the other. She was teasing the little red tips into hard, aching peaks. Moisture seeped from my pussy and slickened my thighs. My clit throbbed, impatiently

waiting for her mouth to travel lower. Her teeth closed around one taut nipple, but they were released almost immediately as Nora moaned with abandon.

A glance over my friend’s shoulder revealed that Tom had his face buried in her crotch from behind. From the ways he was squirming, I guessed he was eating her pussy. All of the wonderful moans that flew from her lips vibrated against my sensitive flesh. He worked Nora into a frenzy. She squealed and writhed, turning me on even more, and I trembled as she slid down my body to latch her lips onto my clit. Nora raised her ass high in the air as she plastered her mouth to my cunt. Thrilling licks and flicks rained over my clit, creating a pleasant buzz that spread from my core to my limbs. When Tom slid his dick into Nora, I was part of the action, too. Every thrust nudged her face against my pussy, applying increasing pressure and inching me closer to climaxing.

The harder Tom drove into Nora, the more pleasure her mouth provided me. Every moan that escaped Nora’s lips tickled my cunt, the sensation traveling through my body like ripples in a pond.

But every time I reached the edge of my orgasm, Nora’s lips retreated. My arousal was so acute I swore my body would spontaneously combust. Tom continued to pound Nora’s cunt, and her little mews of satisfaction fueled my lust.

Finally, I spiraled off into an orgasm

that made the world grow black. When my muscles finished shaking and my eyes fluttered open, Nora offered me a brief smile before her own wave of pleasure hit and her eyes slammed shut.

Tom jammed his hips against Nora's ass with a grunt, gripping her tightly while he rode her to his own release. Then he withdrew from her slowly, laying her on top of me while we all caught our breath.

Nora's lips pressed against my ear, giving my lobe a little lick before whispering, "We're not done here." She grabbed my shoulders, rolling us both so she landed on her back with me on top of her. "I want your mouth on my pussy."

That was a desire I could fulfill easily enough. I slithered down between Nora's legs, blowing a light puff of air across her pussy. Her hips lifted off the bed, and I took the opportunity to lick from her ass to her clit. I circled my tongue around her swollen bud until she sighed, wiggling beneath me.

Soon Nora began to whimper, so I retreated from her clit. I wasn't ready to let her come without getting a good taste of her. My tongue slid down to her entrance, lapping at her slit. Her musky arousal mingled with the sour tang of Tom's come, making my mouth water. I hungrily ate her sloppy pussy, swallowing her juice and her husband's cream.

As I returned to attacking her clit once more, I felt Tom's large hand stroke my ass. I wagged my tail invitingly at him, until he clawed my cheeks and began to tongue my slit. Now it was my turn to moan. I hummed against Nora's clit, getting lost in the heady sensation of ecstasy. I was writhing under Tom's touch, grinding my ass against his face in a desperate plea for more.

Broken sighs and moans forced my mouth open repeatedly, disconnecting me from Nora. Every time my head lifted from between my lover's legs, she bucked forward as if seeking to

reconnect with my tongue once more. I fought to keep my own pleasure at bay, willing myself to ignore the desperate pulse of my pussy so I could continue eating Nora's.

My resolve didn't get me far. Tom's tongue plunged deep into me. His hand snaked around me and his fingers gently closed in on my clit. He drew circles on top of my button, making every nerve ending sizzle. The need to give in, to come apart at the seams, was overwhelming. I couldn't hold back my climax any longer.

An orgasm rippled through me, my muscles quaking under the force of my release. As much as I wanted to scream and collapse, I fought to continue pleasing Nora, determined to pull her over the edge with me.

My lips closed tightly around her clit, directing every ounce of my pleasure back into her. Instead of shouting, I used my tongue to express my rapture, lashing against Nora until her body shook along with mine.

Nora's thighs clamped around my

face, and she pressed her gushing pussy against my mouth as she surrendered. Finally, as the last tremors of her orgasm faded, I was able to pull away and draw a deep breath.

When I eventually moved off the bed, I retrieved my clothes, planning to get dressed and head home. But Nora grabbed my hand.

"Don't leave, Kat," she whispered. "Stay the night. We'll have a better morning if you do."

Tom nodded in agreement, so I stayed. Whoever said "three is a crowd" lied.

That night was the start of the best relationship—and the best sex—I've ever had.

—K.V., Omaha, Nebraska

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WIVES GONE WILD

VAN-TASTIC!

The ferry ride part of my daily commute was when I indulged in introspection—and salacious sexual daydreams. Lately, I'd been brooding too much about my marriage. I loved my husband, but Roy and I were definitely in a rut. My imagination often ran wild to compensate for the lack of actual sex in my life.

At 32, I still felt sexy and found Roy attractive, but we were failing to connect in the bedroom, mostly because of our bustling careers which kept us too busy and left us exhausted. I remembered the first years of being married, when we'd still behaved like horny young lovers. Now we were an overworked couple who hardly had time to see one another.

The ferryboat takes about 25 minutes to carry cars and passengers across the wide bay. Sometimes I sit in my vehicle. Other times I go up top.

On one recent day I wandered

the deck, furtively eyeing the other commuters and seeking out the best to star in my fantasies. Scanning the crowd, I picked out a guy with short blond hair and an athletic build. I let myself wonder what he'd look like naked. I had gotten him mentally out of his suit and was just bringing his cock into a state of enticing hardness when I realized how closely he resembled Roy.

Way to think outside the box, Jen, I rebuked myself and wandered on.

Next, I saw a dashing man in his 40s and pictured us laid out on a soft rug before a fire. We kissed tenderly. He caressed my breasts, and I fondled his balls. The firelight played across his dusky skin as he whispered erotic promises to me. His rock-hard cock assured me he would be able to live up to each of those tempting offers.

But in reality, his appeal ebbed when he got a call and started berating some underling on his cell phone, and I abandoned him—mentally and physically.

As I continued my lascivious window-shopping, I realized I still had plenty of sexual muscle to flex, but circumstances had me in a straitjacket. Maybe I just needed to feel powerful again.

After a few more wanton fantasies, I settled at the railing and gazed out at the bay. My sexual imaginings had gotten me worked up, but of course there was nothing to do about my state on this ferry ride.

Someone else came to stand at the rail. I snuck a sidelong glance, mostly out of reflex. My eyes widened at the sight of the tall, lean, ferociously handsome man with long dark hair blowing in the wind. He wore an artist's expression on a model's chiseled features. He looked wiry and nimble, even just standing there in his leather jacket and jeans.

He was, I realized, the kind of guy I would have pounced on when I was a bit younger. But it wasn't like I was an old hag. I felt a wave of fresh excitement. My sexual energy was focused and intense. I didn't imagine myself and this man in some abstract fantasy.

I thought very deliberately and very realistically about taking him down below to the backseat of my car.

Yet when he turned and smiled at me, I froze. His was a dazzling grin full of beauty and poetry—or else I reading way too much into my image of him. But his twinkling blue eyes dispelled my doubt, convincing me of his appeal.

"I'm disappointed you've barely checked me out," he said. "You've ogled just about every other guy aboard." His friendly smile stayed in place, confident and sensual.

I could take my reaction in lots of different directions. I could be affronted. I could say something coy. Or...

I decided to go with "or" and gave him a predatory smile as I said, "If I'd seen you first, I wouldn't have bothered looking at anyone else. I'd have grabbed you and dragged you downstairs to my car."

I could barely believe such bold words





had passed my lips. I waited for his reply in a state of terrified arousal.

Finally, he said, "I've got a van down below, if you'd prefer. We'd have a little more privacy—and a lot more room."

His words hit me like a shot of adrenaline. As we rushed toward the stairs, I had to keep telling myself this was really happening, that I wasn't caught up in one of my fantasies. My heart raced and my palms were moist. My soon-to-be lover told me his name was Dirk, and I gave him mine, but that was it for conversation.

His van was as artistic and cool as he seemed to be, with a mural of a dragon painted on the side. No one was around to witness us clambering through the side door, which he quickly pulled shut behind us.

The windows were tinted, and a sheet-covered mattress lay in the back. He put on some music. It was like a love machine out of another era, but I didn't care if it was cheesy. I wanted that man, and I was damned well going to have him!

I grabbed him by the front of his leather jacket and drew him down onto the comfortable bedding with me. I put my mouth hungrily against his, feeling the

"I BASKED IN THE EXTREME PLEASURE HIS TONGUE COAXED FROM MY THROBBING CLITORIS."

mild burn of his stubble as it abraded my skin. Matching my eagerness, he kissed me back, letting my tongue toy with his. His lips were soft and sensuous.

He didn't seem to be in a hurry, but I knew exactly how long we had before we'd hit the dock. I held him tightly, pressing my crotch against his. His bulge was gratifying. I reached down and tugged on his zipper.

His eyes flew wide with delight as I reached in for his cock, but his expression softened on a moan as I started pumping that sweet rod in my fist. He was thrillingly stiff in my hand. I could

feel his pulse beating in his staff.

I needed to taste him. I pushed Dirk onto his back and scrambled down his body before working open his jeans. He didn't have time to fully remove any of his clothes before I shouldered apart his legs, grasped his balls and slathered my tongue all over his swollen cockhead. His whole body jerked. I lapped up a thick bead of pre-come, relishing his unfamiliar taste.

I sealed my lips over his knob and started dropping my mouth onto his rod. The heat and flavor of him filled my senses. I sucked him all the way down, not pausing for niceties. My nose was buried in his dark pubic curls as his head slipped into my throat. I flattened my cheeks in around him and applied some exquisite pleasure, making Dirk groan.

Funky music played on the van's stereo system as I proceeded to give him a thorough sucking. I was furnishing the man with some first-rate pleasure, but I was in charge of the tempo and the intensity, which gave me a thrill.

Obviously, he liked what I was doing. He writhed on the mattress as I bobbed my head up and down. Underneath my business skirt, my pussy was streaming. I

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WIVES GONE WILD



was tempted to keep going and take his load in my mouth, but my body needed more from that beautiful cock.

I sat up, saliva dribbling down my chin. Dirk rose immediately as well. His handsome face was flushed with lust. With blazing eyes, he reached for me, tearing at my buttons and zippers. He wanted me naked. I obliged him, flinging my clothes into a corner. He quickly stripped, too.

He urged me to lie back, then hunkered between my outspread thighs. His face hovered over my pussy, a look of glazed desire overwhelming his features. I felt his hot breath on my moist cunt lips. When his tongue touched me, my body jerked. He lapped at my folds and then speared his tongue inside me. I wriggled excitedly.

I basked in the extreme pleasure his tongue coaxed from my throbbing clitoris. The bliss gathered swiftly within me. He huffed and slurped. Again, I felt the tantalizing graze of his stubble—this time on my most tender flesh. My hips began to buck, as if the right nerve endings had been zapped with electrical juice. I reached down and grabbed a fistful of his long dark hair while mashing my pussy against his mouth.

A sax solo covered my orgasmic cry as I came hard on his face. At least, I hoped the music covered my climactic yelp of triumph—but I wasn't sure I cared anymore. I had stopped being the

“I SEALED MY LIPS OVER HIS KNOB AND STARTED DROPPING MY MOUTH ONTO HIS ROD.”

respectable wife the moment I'd come down below with this intriguing stranger.

Dirk rose from between my legs, face shiny and split by a dazed grin. He crawled toward me, his cock wagging. I kept my legs spread, wanting to feel him deep inside me. Dirk positioned himself above me, his cock poised at my dripping entrance. When he hesitated, I raised my eyebrows. In a quavering voice, he asked, “Is it okay to fuck you now?”

He was waiting for permission! I could hardly believe this was happening. All the power I'd felt I'd been lacking lately was now being presented to me on a hot, virile, masculine platter.

“Put that cock into me,” I told him, grinning.

Dirk jammed himself home. I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist. Every limb and muscle flexed

with ease. I felt utterly alive. His cock reamed my pussy, urging pleasure from every cell in my body. We rocked together on the mattress. Distantly, I heard the van's shocks squealing. Was anybody out there on the vehicle deck to see? I didn't care.

He'd started out slow, so I encouraged him to pick up the pace. We were running out of time. I knew my next climax would be so intense it would drain me—and I craved it with every bit of my being. He fucked me faster. Soon he was pounding my pussy violently, and I heard and felt every impact of our colliding bodies.

I threw my arms around his neck and clutched him tighter. I pulled his mouth onto mine, sampling my pussy juice and giving him a fading taste of his own cock. In the midst of that filthy kiss, my climax overtook me, and I thrashed underneath him. In the same instant his hot load spurted deep inside me, adding to my bliss.

I shook and shivered and cried out, then fell limply to the mattress.

We laughed and kissed once more and after a hasty good-bye, I climbed out of his van and sprinted to my car as the ferry docked. I didn't care who saw me running with my clothing disheveled and my heels in my hand, grinning like crazy. I felt fabulous.

—J.D., Seattle, Washington

HOT SHOTS

My wife, Heather, loves to take pictures with her phone. In fact, she does it constantly, which is why I wasn't surprised when the device ran out of memory.

Rather than just deleting the memory-hogging shots, she downloaded the lot of them and spent a week's worth of mornings going through them at a

leisurely pace on her laptop.

On one of those mornings I passed by, bleary eyed, on my way to the coffee pot, but what I saw on her screen jolted me awake. It was a selfie of her in the arms of a good-looking guy, clearly from before we met because she had really long hair. (She's had a short pixie cut since I've known her.) She had a dreamy look on her face, and I guessed from her smile she was reliving some wonderful memories.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Oh, some guy I kinda dated," she said, clicking through to the next shot—which was one of God-knows-how-many photos of a random lunch. "His name's Mitch. It was super-short fling."

Heather and I had been married for about three months and had only dated about that long. We fell for each other hard and quick but had no qualms about getting married right away. Obviously, I assumed she'd had sex with other men before she met me, but I'd never dwelled on the thought. But that picture of her reclining in Mitch's arms lingered in my mind for weeks. When I was alone, I found myself imagining them kissing. I imagined him stripping her and tonguing her tiny pink nipples until she begged to be fucked. But I wanted more than that fantasy. I wanted to see the real thing.

I love my wife, and I was shocked that the thought of watching her fucking another guy was turning me on. But I also couldn't stop thinking about it. One afternoon after we'd had some awesome sex, I revealed my obsession to Heather. I confessed that I kept fantasizing about watching her and Mitch screw.

"I don't expect you to—" I stuttered. "I know it sounds crazy—"

"Well," she said with a shy smile, "he was a really hot fuck."

My eyes grew wide, and my heart pounded. My cock swelled yet again as my fevered brain concocted newer X-rated images. I rolled over on top of her, slotting my revived cock between

her slippery cunt lips and fucked her hard and fast from the get-go. My excitement made me feral and wild—something I'd never felt before. Heather groaned loudly and raised her hips, meeting me thrust for thrust and seeming to be as aroused as I was.

"Would you really do that for me?" I asked my beautiful bride.

"I'd love to," she sighed, closing her eyes and rocking her body toward mine with even more ferocity. I told her how I couldn't wait to see Mitch's hard cock pounding her pussy, and her happy moans filled my ears as her cunt spasmed around my dick. In minutes, we both succumbed to body-shaking climaxes.

When I returned home from work the next night, Heather was smiling coyly. I knew right away that something was up. She told me she'd called Mitch—and they were going to meet for lunch the very next day! She promised me if she still felt a spark, she would proposition him.

I knew she would, and not once did I think he'd refuse her. My wife is hot!

Still, I was a wreck the next day at work while I waited for Heather's phone call, which finally came late in the afternoon.

"He said yes!" she announced, her voice shaking. My mind was reeling as Heather excitedly told me Mitch was coming over Friday night for dinner—and whatever else we all might want afterward!

The night of our date, Heather insisted I pick out her clothes. I chose my favorite dress of hers, a clingy, low-cut blue number that was sexy without being trashy, and a white satin bra-and-panty set. It was extremely arousing for me to slip her delicate panties up her thighs, knowing that later in the evening another man would be stripping them off of her.

Heather took her time styling her hair and fixing her makeup, and when she walked down the stairs into the living room, she looked absolutely breathtaking. I'd just handed her a glass of wine when the doorbell rang. I nodded toward her, encouraging her to greet our guest. She kissed Mitch on the lips, and as his hand lingered



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on the small of her back, my cock swelled appreciatively in my pants.

Heather quickly introduced me, and Mitch shook my hand. He was indeed as good-looking as his photograph, but he seemed like a great guy and we hit it off right away.

As they chatted, I stepped away for a moment with the excuse of checking on dinner, but I really wanted to give them some time alone. Leaving the door ajar, I was able to spy on them, watching eagerly as Mitch gently lifted her face toward his and kissed her on the lips again, this time more sensuously. As they parted, she stared into his eyes with slightly open lips and flushed cheeks. My semi-hard cock instantly blossomed into a full-fledged erection. By the time I called them to eat, they'd already broken their embrace but their sexual connection was palpable.

As difficult as it was for Heather to wait as we enjoyed our meal, I appreciated the opportunity to get to know Mitch better. I was convinced he was the perfect man to fulfill our fantasy. Dinner turned into an hour-long flirtation, and I could only

imagine how wet my wife's pussy was as she squirmed in her chair.

After dessert, I left the two of them snuggling on the couch while I straightened up the kitchen. I stopped in my tracks when I heard my wife release a long moan. Peeking out the door again, I saw Mitch with his face buried in Heather's neck. She gasped as he groped her breast through her dress. I quietly reentered the living room, waiting patiently until they noticed my presence.

When Mitch finally came up for air, I suggested, "Let's go upstairs."

Heather nodded and took Mitch by the hand, leading him to our bedroom.

They'd barely crossed the threshold when Mitch lifted her dress up and over her head. She stood before him in her white lingerie and black spiked heels, looking both sweet and sexy. I sat in a chair in the corner of the room, close enough to see all of the action, but far enough that I was out of their way.

As their lips met in another intense kiss, Mitch slid his hand down Heather's back and flicked open the clasp of her bra with one hand. As the garment fell to

the floor, he dove down to suck on her nipples. My wife held the back of his head and moaned. Mitch then continued his downward journey until he was kneeling in front of her. Heather's knees buckled slightly when he first nuzzled her panty-clad crotch.

Mitch slipped his fingers underneath the sides of her panties and slowly slid them down her hips. My breath caught in my throat when her blonde pubic hair came into view. Mitch tossed the panties aside and brought his face back to her naked pussy. Her eyes met mine for a moment, and I blew her a kiss as Mitch's tongue skidded along her slit. Heather gasped while he continued to lavish her with licks and kisses. She looked so beautiful, quivering in her high heels while Mitch lapped at her pussy.

I couldn't believe it. I was watching a live sex show right in my own home—and the star was none other than my wife! Not taking my eyes off the action, I slowly unzipped my pants and took out my cock. I wrapped my fingers around my shaft, using the lightest touch possible. I was so turned on I was afraid I'd come too soon.

Mitch slipped one and then two fingers inside my wife. Heather let out little whimpers as he stroked his digits in and out of her cunt. He continued to suck on her clit while working a third finger inside of her. My wife was wriggling around like crazy, but Mitch did his best to stay on target. He finger-fucked her at a steady pace, and soon she was grinding her pussy against his face. Her eyes were shut tight, and her head was thrown back as she began to moan loudly. Mitch knew how close she was to coming and never let up. He kept thrusting his fingers into her and lapping at her clit until she screamed out loud, shaking with pleasure. The sight of another man making my wife come made my cock lurch. I had to quickly squeeze the base of my shaft to keep myself from spurting all over.

When Heather finally caught her breath, she looked at her lover and uttered the





words I had been longing to hear: “Please fuck me, Mitch.”

His smiling face was glistening with my wife’s juice. They kissed, and I stroked myself more rapidly as I watched Heather tasting herself on his lips. Not wasting another moment, he laid her down on the bed. My wife spread her legs wide in invitation. Mitch’s cock was hard and ready. He took it in his hand and traced the head up and down her slit, making her moan. Heather’s hips bounced against the mattress impatiently, and I knew she was wiggling around to try to force his cockhead inside her. After swirling his cock over and around her sensitive clit, Mitch placed it at her slick entrance and gradually slid inside. My wife’s eyes closed briefly as she savored every inch of his cock filling her cunt. He pulled out slowly, and in the dim light of the room I saw the delicious shine of pussy juice on his shaft. I somehow had a feeling that Mitch was fucking her slowly for my benefit—and believe me, I appreciated it. I loved every second of the incredible scene that was unfolding before me.

Before long, though, Mitch could no longer hold out. He picked up his pace, fucking her harder and faster. Heather’s moans were ringing in my ears, spurring me on while I jerked my cock in time to match their furious fucking. When I saw Heather shiver and finally heard that sharp cry I recognized as her release, a wave of ecstasy coursed through me, sparking my own orgasm. My cock pulsed in my hand, and suddenly I was shooting my load into the air as my groans mingled with Mitch’s. He was still rapidly pumping his hips, wanting to prolong those last glorious moments of their coupling. But in seconds, his entire body tensed and he

“HIS ENTRY WAS GRADUAL, AND MY BODY OPENED FOR HIM EASILY, WELCOMING HIS COCK.”

thrust his hips forward in one last brutal lunge, no doubt filling my wife with cream. When he was finally spent, he collapsed atop her and gave her an affectionate kiss on the forehead.

As Mitch’s cock softened inside my wife, she turned to look at me. I whispered, “Thank you,” and she smiled.

Shortly afterward, Mitch left for the evening and I made love to my beautiful wife, imagining all of the sexy adventures that lay ahead of us.

—K.A., Atlanta, Georgia

WIFE SWAP

After ten years of marriage, I was craving a little more heat. Yes, my husband still sets my heart aflutter and shows me a toe-curling good time, but I wanted to introduce a bit of spice into our sexual routine.

The opportunity came when my friend Mya invited us to vacation with her and her husband. Mya and Fred

are avowed swingers. According to Mya, their marriage—and their sex life—have only been made stronger by the occasional swap. The trip came with a no-strings attached invite; Mya assured me we’d have a good time whether or not we decided to swing with the two of them. But my mind was already made up. I wanted to—badly. I just had to convince Ron.

The vacation part was an easy sell. Ron always liked Fred and Mya—especially Mya. I’d caught him checking out my friend’s plump ass on more than one occasion. That was fine by me since I’d admired Fred’s sculpted, athletic form any chance I could without getting caught.

On the very first morning of our vacation, I mentioned the possibility of getting a little naughty with our friends. I needn’t have been nervous about suggesting the idea to Ron. He was enthusiastic and excited from the mere mention of it. We were ready to take the leap and couldn’t wait to get started on our new adventure.

After a scrumptious dinner and plenty of drinks at the hotel restaurant, Mya and Fred followed us to our suite for a nightcap. We settled on our oversized balcony, lounging on the large cushioned benches that lined the balustrade. Mya poured glasses of wine for everyone and raised hers in a toast.

“To new experiences,” she purred before sauntering over to Ron and dropping herself in his lap.

I was fascinated by the sight of another woman cuddling up to my husband. Mya was stroking her slender fingers along his face and whispering in his ear. I didn’t feel any jealousy—only excitement. I probably would have continued to stare at them if Fred hadn’t sidled up to me. A warm puff of air brushed across my ear as he whispered, “I’ve always thought you were Mya’s hottest friend.”

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WIVES GONE WILD



I turned to him, taken by the sparkle in his green eyes. He looked hungry, ready to devour me. Then I realized I finally had license to touch the muscular physique that had always fascinated me. I reached out, brushing my fingers over his abs, noting every perfectly defined ridge I felt through his thin shirt.

Fred wrapped his hands around my waist and pulled me onto his lap. "It's easier to feel me up if you're on top of me." He leaned back a bit, pulling his linen shirt over his head. I was vaguely aware of Mya moaning behind me, but in that moment most of my attention was focused on Fred and his fit body.

I ran my hands from Fred's shoulders down to his biceps, giving the muscles a squeeze before continuing my journey south to his wrists. Then I lifted his hands, placing them directly over my breasts. Fred took the hint and sprang into action, brushing his thumbs over my nipples until they became hard little peaks. Then his arms wound around my back to recline me on the bench.

My position brought Mya and Ron back into my view. They were naked and had moved to the floor in front of us. Turning my head to the side, I caught an eyeful of Mya on all fours with my husband behind her, his face buried in her from behind as he ate her pussy. I met my friend's eyes, and

"AS I CREPT CLOSER TO CLIMAX, THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF RON'S RELEASE FILLED MY EARS."

I realized she'd chosen their position intentionally. She wanted to watch me and Fred fuck!

Knowing we had an eager audience made me feel wild inside, and I think Fred felt the same way. He yanked at the tie on my wrap dress, working the sash until the shift fell open in front. The silky material slithered down my sides, leaving me completely exposed.

Fred circled his finger around my belly button, then traced a path straight to my pussy. He dragged his fingers down my landing strip, following it like it was a road map to my clit. My body was tight with anticipation. He pressed his thumb lightly against my pleasure center, instantly making my muscles quake.

The action was somehow satisfying and maddening at the same time. My

clit loved the pressure, but I craved more stimulation. I wiggled my hips, desperate for more attention.

Fred's head rested against my inner thigh. He chuckled, a warm burst of air hitting my pussy.

"Relax—don't worry. I'll get you off."

A screech from Mya punctuated his sentence perfectly. I turned my head to the side to see her body undulating sexily. My husband's tongue had sparked one hell of an orgasm in her, and her writhing body was riding out every last wave of her pleasure.

Mya stood and pulled Ron up to face her for a sloppy kiss. Then she pushed him onto the cushioned bench and positioned herself between his legs to swoop down and swallow his erection.

While Mya's head got lost in Ron's lap, Fred's lips closed over my clit. The wet heat was a shock, and I released a strangled cry. He sucked me rhythmically while flicking at my clit with his tongue.

Every lick made the tension in my muscles increase. I swiveled my hips, grinding my wet cunt against Fred's mouth. The light stubble on his chin and cheeks scratched my tender flesh, teasing at nerve endings that already sizzled.

His teeth grazed my clit, making me gasp as I reveled in his roughness. Every little nibble and lick pushed me closer to release. My fingers twitched, seeking something to grab—something that would anchor me to the earth even though Fred was sending me into the stratosphere.

I cupped my breasts, squeezing and teasing my nipples to enhance the magic my lover was making with his mouth. Another flick of Fred's tongue across my clit caused a rumble in my chest as I groaned. My head tossed from side to side as my body raced toward an orgasm that was just out of reach.

I released my breasts, sliding my

hands down my torso until I reached Fred's head. Then I twined my fingers through his dark, curly locks and pulled, jamming my clit hard against his lips. Letting Fred take the lead had been fun and all, but his nice-and-easy pace was driving me from madness to full-on desperation.

Fred finally understood my urgency. He cupped my ass, lifting my hips off the bench to raise me to the perfect angle. My need to come was so intense it made my muscles quake. I was babbling incoherently, incapable of finding words to express my need.

Then Fred really focused on my clit, lapping at that swollen bud until I cried out with joy as my orgasm overtook me. He kept his mouth where I wanted it most, licking me gently to extend my pleasure for as long as possible before tempering his tongue and gentling me back to reality.

The cushion beneath me shifted, breaking me from my reverie. I glanced to my side and saw that Ron had Mya bent over the bench. He was taking her from behind roughly while her fingers gripped at the edge of the pillow beneath my back.

I went from completely spent to utterly exhilarated. I looked back at Fred, excited to see his pants were off and he was rolling a condom onto his erection.

A tug of my hair told me Mya was inching her hands closer to me. Whether it was unintentional or a bid to turn this partner swap into a full-on orgy, I didn't care because her husband was sliding his dick inside my pussy.

His entry was gradual, and my body opened for him easily, welcoming his thick cock. But once he hit bottom, slow and steady was forgotten. Fred withdrew and slammed his hips against mine over and over, setting a blistering pace that made me see stars.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, locking my ankles behind his back.

The new position angled my hips even higher, making the tip of Fred's dick slam against my G-spot with every thrilling thrust.

Meanwhile, Ron and Mya were rocking the bench with their wild thrusting. Their groans of excitement added to the moment for me.

I laid my arms straight at my sides, pushing against the cushions so that my back bowed off the bench. Fred grabbed my hips, pulling me closer to him and sending his dick so deep into me I groaned. I was suspended in mid-air, fighting to keep my eyes open so that I could watch this gorgeous man work me over.

Fred lowered me back down, sliding a hand to my mound so his thumb could easily swipe at my clit. He stroked me while his dick continued to slam into my pussy, and I was lost, blinded by my desperate desire for another orgasm. I rocked my hips against him urgently, meeting him thrilling thrust for thrilling thrust.

As I crept closer to climax, the familiar sounds of Ron's release filled my ears, inspiring my own. Every bit of sensation seemed to concentrate around my clit, radiating out to the rest of my body as I screamed out into the night. Fred responded to my cries with his own orgasmic groans, and I felt his cock pulse inside me as he released his cream.

After our friendly fuckfest was over, Mya and Fred bid us good-night with tired smiles and returned to their room. The minute we were alone my husband tore off my robe, and then he made love to me for the rest of the night.

—W.F., Bangor, Maine

Did you marry your wife because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell *Penthouse* all about it. Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





SOAKED

A HOT SHOWER DOESN'T DAMPEN UMA'S LUST—IT ONLY MAKES HER WETTER!





“I LIKE GETTING CLEAN—BEFORE
I GET REALLY DIRTY!”

—UMA



















TOP 10

WITH SASHA GREY



TOP 10 SUMMERTIME HOT SPOTS

10. Sizzle at the shore for sex on the beach.
9. Have some off-road action in your car.
8. Escape the everyday on your fire escape.
7. Become swingers! At night in the park.
6. Rock the boat—get frisky at sea.
5. Become one with nature in a tent.
4. Hit it on the trail—horny hikers do it better!
3. On a rooftop under a starlit sky.
2. Make temperatures rise in a hot tub.
1. On a blanket in the grass—your own field of dreams!



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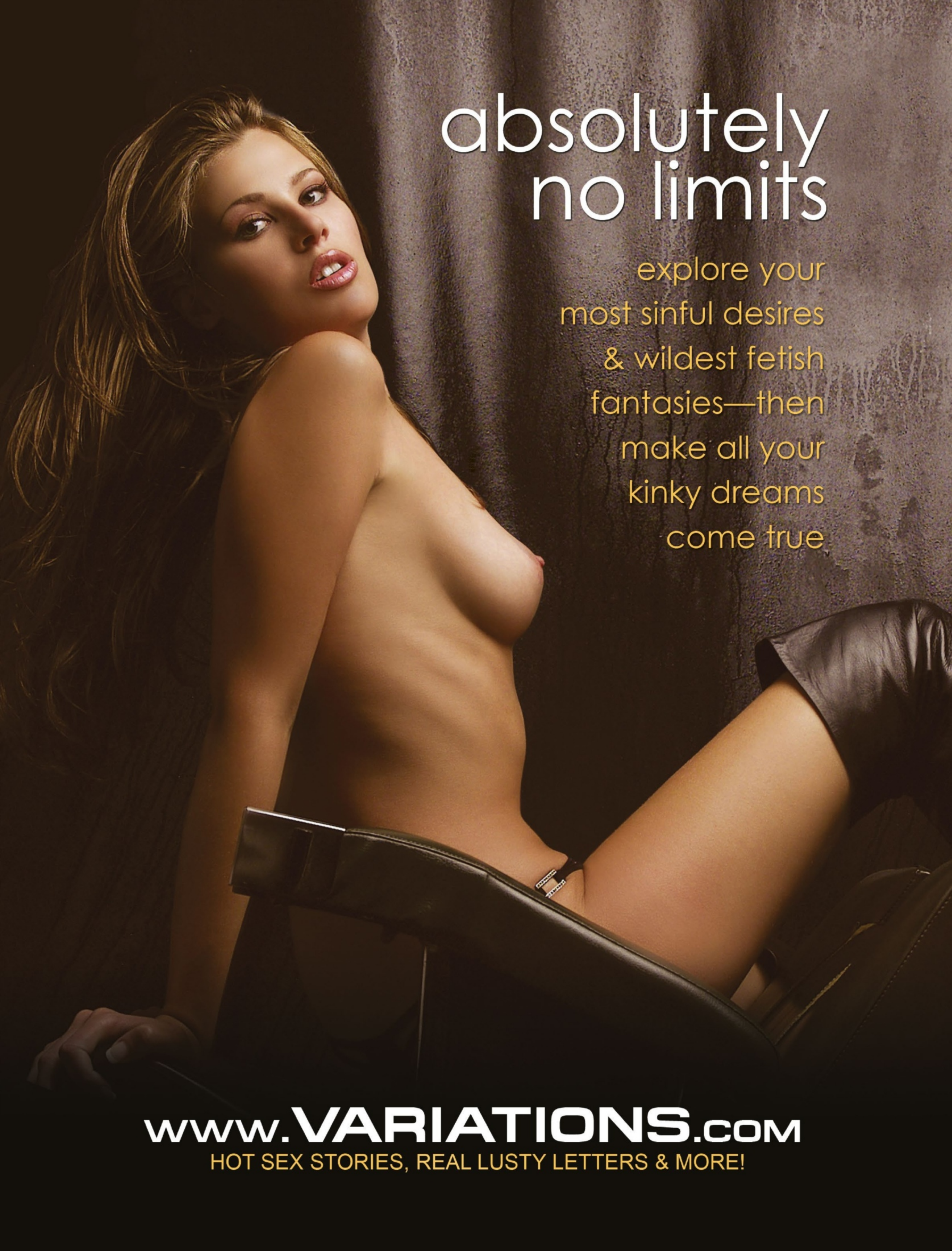
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VARIATIONS

▾ EDITORS' NOTE

SUMMER getaways may be on everyone's mind—but at *Penthouse Variations* bad boys and naughty girls never take a vacation from their wicked ways!

Melanie Mitchell's "Behind the Scenes" shows us how a night at home doesn't have to be quiet—or vanilla, while Dana Cohen's "Collared" delivers a tale of a devilish submissive who goes to great lengths to get the treatment he craves.

More lusty lovers spill their sexy secrets in this month's S & M letters, which feature plenty of kinky confessions, and in Wide World of Variations you'll find a trio of dirty tales, which include sultry seductions and some illicit cross-dressing for a little extra spice.

Is your summer sizzling? Tell us all about it! Send your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

—The Editors





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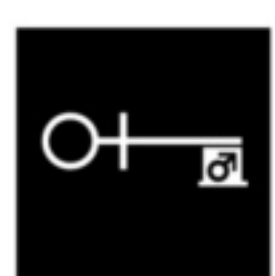
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Skin Diamond by Steve Diet Goedde



■ WILD WEEKEND

“What are you doing this weekend?” Shelly asked me as we grabbed our coats to leave the office. It

was Friday at six. Finally. I had been counting down the hours all day. For the last hour, I’d actually been keeping track of the minutes.

“I’m going to be all tied up,” I told her, hoping she did not hear the sassy tone in my voice.

“Yeah, me, too. So much to do, so little time!”

I smiled at my coworker and said I’d see her on Monday. I was sure she had no clue that I’d meant what I’d said literally. My car ride home was 20 minutes of solo foreplay. I imagined what Bryan would have in store for me. The music on the radio seemed to sense I was in for something sultry. All the tunes had a throbbing beat. I tried my best not to grind my pussy against the car seat. I knew my panties would be soaked by the time I got home, and possibly the car seat, too.

I arrived at our place just in time. If I’d encountered one more red light, I would’ve been forced to give in to temptation. Fortunately, Bryan had the gear all set up. I knew he would. He is meticulous. On the table by the front door was a pair of police-regulation handcuffs, a black velvet blindfold and a set of nipple clamps. I fingered the various items before taking off my coat and blouse. I knew exactly how he’d want to find me. While I undressed, I imagined what Shelly might have said if I’d told her exactly how my weekend was going to unfold. Would her bright blue eyes have widened in surprise if I’d said I’d be spending much of my time bound to the bed with my pussy alternatively whipped and worshiped by my husband—when he wasn’t teasing my asshole?

I stepped out of my penny loafers,

stripped off my stockings and then took off my bra. When I was wearing only a pair of black satin panties, I attached the clamps to my nipples. The pain was startling but deliciously erotic. I knew I’d grow accustomed to the sensation in moments. I always did.

As I fastened the blindfold over my eyes, I thought of Shelly once more. Would I have shocked her if I’d said Bryan gives my ass a thorough spanking every Friday night just to get things started? Perhaps that would’ve turned her on. What would she have thought if I’d explained I have a safeword, but I’ve never needed to use it? I put the

**“I GROANED AND
ARCHED, LOVING
THE WAY HE
MANHANDLED
MY PUSSY.”**

handcuffs on myself. I didn’t need my sight for this. I’ve done the trick often enough. Now, I waited. Bryan would come and get me when he was ready. I could feel the moisture continuing to pool in my panties. I hoped he’d let me climax before too long. I was on the verge already. Sometimes Bryan is unexpectedly kind and lets me have a quick burst of pleasure before he metes out the pain. Other times, he prefers to make me beg.

Was Shelley into delayed gratification? Did any of her lovers ever pull on her clit or use a clamp with ridges to capture that little hot button? Would Shelly enjoy having her pussy smacked with four stiff fingers the same way I always do?

My ears picked up the telltale sound of Bryan approaching. I heard his footsteps on the hardwood floor, and the noise brought me back from my speculation.

“Baby,” he said, “you ready for me?”

“So ready,” I told him. He thrust his fingers into my panties and felt for himself, as if he didn’t trust my words. I groaned and arched, loving the way he manhandled my pussy. Then he spun me around and used one wet fingertip to circle my asshole.

“Which hole should I take first?” he asked. I guessed this was a rhetorical question, and I was right. He answered for himself by pushing me down to my knees and filling my mouth with his cock. While I happily sucked, I thought of taking Shelly aside on Monday, of telling her I’d been stretched and opened and spread all weekend.

And maybe asking if she’d like to join us next Friday.

—M.R., Cincinnati, Ohio

■ ON THE LIST

The thing about being a bouncer is that you have to sit outside while all the customers pass through the doors and into a night of fun. This is especially true about being a bouncer at a BDSM club. I see the pretties go in. I imagine what happens next and wonder which ones are dommes, which ones are subs. That’s usually easy enough to guess from their attire. But since I check IDs and keep track of the guest list, I’ve always been on the outside of the fun with the kinky guests—until...

Recently, as the club finished emptying at closing time, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to see one of the women I’d pegged immediately as a sub standing next to me. Actually, I’d noticed her over the past few weekends. She stood out from the rest of the crowd to me. There

was a yearning that emanated from her, a way she looked at me that made me want to fulfill her every fantasy.

On this night, she was dressed in a sheer black blouse and a tiny whisper of fabric that was pretending to be a black miniskirt. That fabric swatch didn't have me fooled. Her long legs were adorned with black fishnets, and she wore knee-high boots made of shiny vinyl. The outfit could have gone *domme* or *sub*; it was her attitude that made me think she lived to serve.

"Excuse me," she said, and I waited. "I noticed you when I arrived," she continued. Oh, yeah. This girl was a *sub*. From her high ponytail to the tips of her boots. She was begging to be put in her place, and I knew in my heart I was the man to put her there. But I didn't make things easy for her. Why would I? My nature meant I wanted to see how far she'd go.

"Are you off duty now?" she asked. She was trembling a little, but it wasn't cold out. Was she nervous? I forced myself not to smile. I wanted to, though. I wanted to smile at her and wrap her up in my arms and whisper all sorts of dirty things to her. I wanted to tell her that at my house I had leather thongs, blindfolds and wicked devices. But I was enjoying myself. After sitting outside all evening and watching the parade of kinksters pass by, our encounter was the most exciting thing I could have imagined.

"My shift just ended," I told her. Still, I wasn't easy on her. If she wanted something from me, she would have to find the words to ask for it. She leaned a little closer. I got a whiff of her perfume, a spicy scent that fed my hunger, but I'm a pro. I kept my face impassive.

"I've been coming here for three weeks now," she said. "And I always sort of flirt with you."

"Yeah," I agreed with her. She did.

"But you've never asked me out."

"I'm on the job."

"But you're off now."

I waited.



"The thing is"—she continued in a rush, as if she had to get the words out fast—"I haven't found anyone who's my type in there. But you are. Exactly."

I looked her up and down. She was being forward, and she seemed to read the critique in my eyes.

"How else was I going to get your attention?" she asked. "You don't get to go inside."

That was true.

"But you *could* come home with me," she offered.

That's how we ended up at her house. She was docile all the way there, and when we arrived, she put the key in my hand. What did I think I'd find on the inside? Not what I discovered. The girl had her own dungeon in the bedroom. There were spreader bars and cuffs, a blindfold, a cat-o'-nine-tails. Her place rivaled my own.

"I'm particular," she said, "and you're exactly what I've been looking for. I watch how you check your list. And the thing is, I've got a list, too."

"What's on yours?" I asked, curious in spite of myself.

"Exactly what you've got. That no-nonsense attitude, like you don't take shit from anyone. Like you could put a bad girl in her place."

"And you're a bad girl?" I didn't really need to ask. She'd picked me up, after all. I understood exactly what she wanted.

She licked her bottom lip and looked

me up and down but did not answer.

"I expect an answer when I ask a question," I informed her.

She blushed, but she smiled at the same time. "Yes," she said, "so bad."

"Show me," I told her. At my words, she stripped out of her clothes while I watched, and then she lay back on the bed and started to finger her pussy.

"None of that," I admonished. "Not unless I say you can."

"I can't help myself," she said. "You turn me on."

I grabbed her handcuffs and took care of the problem right away.

"Safeword?" I asked her.

"Bouncer," she said.

Now I was the one to grin. We were well matched, this minx and me. I flipped her easily onto her stomach, and I admired her rounded ass cheeks before letting her feel my palm meet her left buttock. She gasped but didn't cry out. I spanked her on the other side. She moaned and pushed her pussy against the mattress.

"None. Of. That." I repeated myself. This time, I tugged her ponytail for emphasis. Then I let my fingers find the split of her body, and I discovered exactly how perfectly matched we truly were. She was dripping wet. My fingers came away coated with her nectar. I spread her honey on her own lips and then kissed her mouth clean. Next, I rummaged through her various devices for the perfect toy. I started whipping her with a pink suede

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↘ S & M



flogger, and she easily accepted every lash. I didn't work her too hard or too fast. We were only getting to know each other, after all. We could delve into all sorts of more intense pain in the future. On that night, I made her count each stroke, delivering the greatest sting with the tenth blow. She shouted out, "Ten," and I took off my clothes and joined her on the mattress. She'd definitely earned the orgasm I planned to give her. My cock pounded her cunt with a hard, fast-paced series of thrusts, and my hand worked her clit to match the rhythm of our fucking. She balanced her upper body easily, even with her wrists cuffed, and she whipped her ponytail back and forth as I pounded her.

When she was on the brink, she asked for permission to come. I could hardly deny her, as I was on the verge myself.

"May I please?" she asked in a harsh whisper. "Please may I come?"

"Together," I told her, and I let myself go as she climaxed around my dick, milking me with her pussy muscles until we were both spent. Then I unlocked the cuffs on her wrists and held her close as we caught our breath before round two.

I do have my own list of what I like in a lady—and she met every last item on it.

—J.R., Boulder, Colorado

TUNE-UP

I was in need of a little tune-up, but my regular mechanic wasn't on duty when I brought in my car. I suppose I ought to know how to fix the machine myself, but I'm not handy that way. I'm handy in other ways, so I cut myself slack.

I felt momentarily at a loss. Rafe had always been my go-to guy in more ways than one. But Max looked at my car with the same respect I give her, and I knew I'd put the convertible in good hands.

Besides that, Max was one handsome devil. He had bright red hair and gold-flecked green eyes. When he told me to trust him, I found that I did so. Implicitly.

I went to the tiny lobby to wait. I had brought a magazine with me, snagged from the entryway table right when I left the house. I'd thought I'd selected a fashion magazine, but I'd actually grabbed last month's *Penthouse Letters*.

My cheeks turned scarlet when I realized what I was holding. Of course, that's right when Max walked in. He looked at me, at the magazine in my hands, and back at my face.

"I was going to give you an estimate," he said, "but maybe you want to meet in the back office where we can have a little privacy." I shoved the magazine in

my purse and trailed after him. My pussy was already pulsing, and I watched as he told a few of his coworkers that he was on break.

Back in the office, he said, "What's your favorite stuff to read?"

So we weren't going to be talking about the car.

"The BDSM," I said without missing a beat. What did I have to lose, after all? He'd already seen what I was reading.

"Yeah?" he asked. "Mine, too."

I took that as the opening I needed. "I'm especially into the letters where the woman submits," I said. "The ones where she calls her lover 'Sir' and does whatever he wants."

His eyes positively sparkled at me. I sensed we were on the right track to somewhere sexy. All forlorn thoughts of not having Rafe had disappeared from my mind.

Max came closer to me, and he stroked one hand along the line of my jaw, then cupped my chin in his hand and kissed me. I felt the sparks of fire all the way to my core. I was glad I'd worn pretty panties. I had the feeling he was about to get a good look at them.

"What else do you like?" he asked.

"I like when the guy holds a girl's wrists in one of his hands," I said, and then he made my desire come true. He wrapped both of my wrists together and raised them, stretching me out taut. I went on my tiptoes in my strappy high heels to stay balanced. I wondered what Max thought of my outfit. The violet sundress was probably a little silly for a trip to the garage, but I'd had ulterior plans in mind when I'd gotten dressed. Now, I was so turned on I could hardly speak, but I found the game too enjoyable to give up. This back-and-forth incendiary conversation we were engaging in turned me on deeply.

"What do you like?" I asked, my voice a whisper.

"I like putting a bad girl across my lap and spanking her ass before fucking her,"

he said. There was a throb in his voice that let me know his dick was hard.

"Or across your desk?" I asked.

"That would work, too."

I pulled my wrists free and assumed the position. He lifted the hem of my dress and admired my ass in my lemon-yellow thong. Then I heard the sound of his hand working his belt buckle and the leather pulling free.

He snapped the belt in the air, and I stiffened. That sound is an aphrodisiac to me, which I supposed he guessed. He snapped the belt a second time. I said two words: "Please, Sir," and then he was heating my ass cheeks for me, and I was doing my best to muffle the groans welling up inside me. I'd hoped something like this would happen when I'd dressed myself. Maybe I'd brought that magazine along on purpose...

"Rafe told me what you like," he whispered as he pulled the gusset of my thong away from my dripping snatch.

I lowered my head to the desk. It hadn't occurred to me that Rafe might tell the other guys at the garage about my fetishes. "He said you like your pussy spanked and your asshole fucked." As he spoke, he pressed a spit-slickened thumb into my fluttering hole. I gasped for air. The pleasure was overwhelming.

"But Rafe didn't tell me you like to be whipped."

That's because I hadn't played like that

with him. We'd only ever fucked in his office. We hadn't gotten truly kinky.

"So let's see what else you like..."

He unzipped his pants, and I felt the knob of his cock against my pussy lips. I said, "Fuck me, Max," and he countered with, "Is that how you get what you want?"

"Sir," I stammered, "please fuck me. Please fuck my tight, wet pussy!"

And he did. I think he was as desperate as I was. I felt him thrust inside me firmly, then withdraw until only the lovely head of his cock was trapped between my pussy lips. He held still. I caught on to the game.

"Fuck me, Sir," I begged again. He gave me what I needed, but the whole time I had to continue to ask, using the dirtiest words and pleading with him to take care of my desperate cravings.

Max worked me until we were both ready for release. I held myself in check until he gave me the green light to come. Then I let myself go, my engines spinning, my motor whirring as he promised to take me home and give me the spanking I deserved.

And that's how my pussy got a more thorough tune-up than my car did.

-I.S., San Diego, California

SHINE ON

The weather report was cloudy with a chance of showers. I pulled my favorite raincoat from the back of the closet. It's a short jacket made of black shiny vinyl that's reminiscent of items in my closet normally reserved for playtime activities.

When Roger saw me dressed, he said, "Where do you think you're going dressed like that?"

"Work."

He shook his head.

"I'm not going to work?" I asked.

"Not dressed like that."

"What's wrong with this?"

He took a step closer to me, and then his hands were subtly caressing my body through the glossy fabric. "There's nothing wrong with it at all," he said. "It's very, very right. But you can't go out like that. You'll give people ideas."

"What sort of ideas?" I asked with a coy voice.

His cock was hard. I could tell. He stroked my rain gear and explained the world to me. "Anyone kinky will have instant visions..."

I checked my watch. I had a few

**"HE GAVE ME
WHAT I NEEDED,
BUT THE WHOLE
TIME I HAD TO
CONTINUE TO
ASK."**



VARIATIONS

↘ S & M



“I SHUT MY EYES FOR A MOMENT, WORKING THE TWO DIGITS INTO MY TIGHT SNATCH.”

minutes. Roger seemed to know what I was thinking.

“Take it off,” he said, “and strip off your clothes. Then put the coat back on.”

I couldn’t move fast enough. In a flash, I was naked under the raincoat. Roger wrapped his arm around my middle and bent me over enough to

expose my ass. He spanked me hard and fast, his palm stinging my skin and leaving me breathless. He told me he was punishing me for prancing around naked under my glossy little coat. I was left breathless from the pain—and the pleasure.

The spanking was over quickly, but I’d be sore for quite a while. Then Roger’s attitude softened. He was touching me once more, stroking my body and whispering about how he was going to shoot his come over my coat.

“You’ll wear that at the club tonight,” Roger said. “I’ll cuff you and lead you to the backroom.”

I was practically swooning from the way he was touching me. I couldn’t find my voice to respond. That was okay. Roger was willing to talk for the both of us.

“But I’ll give you a preview,” he said, taking off his own clothes, so that the

two of us were on equal footing—aside from the rain gear.

“Touch yourself,” he instructed. I did what he told me. I found the opening between two snaps in the front of my jacket. One hand slid along my body, down to my pussy, probing my wetness with two fingers.

“Fuck yourself,” he continued. I shut my eyes for a moment, overlapping one finger on top of another and working the two digits into my tight snatch. As I touched my wet cunt, Roger palmed me through the raincoat. My body was getting hotter. The coat stuck to my sweaty skin. Roger said, “I’m going to show you what you do to me.”

I opened my eyes and watched as he jerked his fist along his stiffened rod. Outside, I could hear the rain splattering on the window panes. There was the occasional boom of thunder. Inside, where it was warm and dry, the two of us were growing wetter and stickier by the second. My rain gear felt as if it were molding to my heated skin. Roger circled me, touching me and telling me how beautiful I was in vinyl—and how he couldn’t wait to come all over me.

Then it was happening. He reached his limit, and the flood gates opened. I came as a crash of thunder shook the world. I watched as Roger shot his load all over the black vinyl, and I was already thinking about what our evening at the club would be like.

The weather report had predicted showers. But not any kind of wetness like this.

—V.M., Seattle, Washington

Do you have the kind of sex life that involves taking or giving orders as part of giving and receiving pleasure? Where being bound sets you free? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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WILDCAT

LIZA CAN'T WAIT TO GET HER HANDS ON TJ,
HER FAVORITE BOY TOY.









“TJ IS MY FAVORITE KIND OF MAN—
ONE WHO FOLLOWS MY ORDERS!”

—LIZA



BEHIND THE SCENES

A quiet night at home turns into an explosively erotic encounter for a pair of kinky lovers.

By **Melanie Mitchell**

I was sprawled out on our big sofa, half across Jay's lap and the rest of me across the cream-colored cushions. The book in front of me was a page-turner, and I was deeply engrossed in the intricate plot. While I read, Jay was rubbing my ass through my stretchy black yoga pants. I didn't say a word. Sometimes he likes to touch me like that. My ass is one of his favorite things in the world.

Fat orange and purple flames flickered in our fireplace, and low jazz music played on the stereo. The air in the room was warm and tinged with the scent of the flower blossoms in the vase on the table. Outside, the skyline glittered and twinkled. The scene couldn't have been more idyllic. I'd been lulled into thinking we were engaging in a quiet evening at home.

But I soon realized Jay wasn't simply stroking my butt; he was massaging me with a mission. His big palm caressed one cheek and then the next. The sensation was pleasurable to me but not distracting. His warm fingers slid under the waistband of my pants, delving underneath the stretchy fabric to touch my bare skin. I noticed when his flesh met my flesh, but I still didn't understand what was about to happen.

"What's this?" he asked.

"What's what?" I responded.

"No panties."

"No pantyines," I explained. I probably ought to have paid more attention to what my boyfriend was talking about, but instead I was lost in the words on the page. In hindsight—pun intended—I might have saved myself a spanking. Of course, since I love being spanked, I might not have.

"But these pants are positively indecent." He tugged a bit of the fabric as

if to prove his point. "I can see everything."

"It's the fashion," I said.

"Really?" he responded. I heard the stern tone in his voice, but I didn't realize what it meant—not yet. "You know what else is in fashion?"

I shook my head as I turned a page.

"A nice, red bottom," he said.

That's when I put the book down and started to roll over to look at him. Jay's

**"I WANTED HIM TO
PLOW ME. I
WANTED HIM TO
USE ALL OF HIS
POWER AND SLAM
HOME."**

longish black hair was slicked back off his forehead. His dark eyes met mine, and he winked at me before easily anchoring me back in place. Inadvertently, I'd given him the perfect position if he was looking to punish me. He placed one hand on the small of my back, and with the other he ever so gently began to give my ass a series of love taps. These weren't hard enough to cause any discomfort. That didn't mean I stayed still—or quiet.

"Jay, it's how everyone dresses," I protested weakly as I squirmed. "You must have noticed the women in your office or out on the street." I tried to scoot myself off his lap so I could grab one of the latest fashion magazines from the table to show him. Women wore pants like mine

to the gym, to the grocery store, even to the office with the right type of tops and boots. I was telling him the truth, but that didn't matter to him.

"Fine," he said, "and you'll be ahead of the fashion curve with this spanking-new look." He sounded pleased with himself.

"Jay," I said again. But there was a hushed tone to my voice now. The impending threat of a serious spanking had transformed the mood in the room. The book I'd been reading was all but forgotten. The plans I'd had for dinner evaporated from my mind. Jay was set on giving me a spanking. I understood that now. He pulled my pants down, and I found myself staring into the couch as he tickled my naked ass cheeks.

"What if the fashion was to go out entirely nude? Would you do that, Melanie?"

"No..."

He squeezed my left butt cheek and then the right one. I sucked in my breath and held it. He gave me a playful spank across my sweet spot. I trembled at the promise of what was to come. As he slowly swatted me across both cheeks, I remembered the first time Jay had spanked me. It was on our first date—within the first half hour of our first date. We'd pulled up at the restaurant where we were planning to eat, and he'd said, "I have to tell you something, Melanie."

I'd turned to look at him, curious as to what he might say. We'd known each other as friends for a few years, but this was our initial foray into romance. I'd been a little nervous to change our relationship. I had wondered if that was what he was going to say to me. It wasn't.

"The way you look in that skirt is driving me fucking crazy."

I'd grinned at him, pleased with the



clothes I'd chosen for the night. I had worn a cherry-printed miniskirt and a red halter top. "Really?" I'd teased. What Jay had said next changed the evening—and our relationship.

"Your skirt makes me want to give that beautiful ass of yours a spanking."

My next "really" had been more of a whisper—or a sigh.

"I want to give your ass a spanking before we head inside. What do you think about that?"

I'd thought that no man had ever read my fantasies so quickly or correctly. When I'd told him I would very much like him to spank me, he'd beamed a broad smile at me, obviously delighted we were on the same wavelength. Then he'd parked the car at the rear of the restaurant's lot. The two of us climbed into the backseat, and he'd heated my ass for me before we'd gone to dinner. I still get chills thinking about that night. Jay had spanked me perfectly, alternating smacks to one cheek, then the other, tanning my ass until I felt a warm glow throughout my entire body. He hadn't touched my pussy. He hadn't gotten me off. He'd simply primed the two of us for what would occur after dinner. Then he'd taken me into the restaurant, made a few jokes about how I shifted in the chair as we ate, and explained that spanking me was his number-one fantasy—and that I'd just made it come true.

After we'd eaten, we headed to his place where he spanked me again before fucking me. It was the best first date ever.

That night was only the beginning of our beautifully intense relationship. Since then, I've spent most of my days anticipating a spanking or rubbing my ass following one.

Jay landed a stinging blow that brought me back to the present.

"Do you really go outside in these pants?" he asked. "With no underwear?" He smacked me on the other cheek before I could respond. "Not even a thong?" He spanked me again. He definitely seemed to be enjoying his part of the conversation, while I kept trying to find my voice. Responding to him was challenging as he punctuated every query with a series of smarting slaps.

"We might start a new craze tonight. First, I'm going to heat your bottom until it's all warm and pink. Then I'm going to fuck it."

My pussy responded to his words, aching and dripping. It was his sexy threat that got to me. I wanted him to do everything he was promising. Again. This craze wasn't really new, not for us. Honestly, I'd suspected what might happen when Jay caught me dressed in that manner. He was correct in his assessment. My current look was practically indecent. I'd worn a long tunic when I'd gone out. I'd changed to a cropped top once I'd gotten home,

knowing the look might pique his interest. But it didn't matter. I was getting exactly what I wanted and deserved.

"What a pretty hue your ass is turning," Jay murmured. "But I'd really like to get a deeper shade. Maybe if I used a paddle..."

I didn't say a word. Part of me wanted to feel the sting, and the other was filled with the warm flutter of nerves. That's how I always feel before Jay takes a paddle to my ass. He let his hand stroke between my legs. My pussy told him all he needed to know. I was so turned on that my sensual juices had coated not only my pussy lips but the tops of my inner thighs as well. Jay pushed me off his lap and onto the couch before heading to our room to recover the implement he desired. I touched myself while he was gone. I'd consciously set this evening into motion, a perfect storm of kink, and I couldn't wait for the explosive conclusion.

When Jay returned, I saw he wasn't only carrying his favorite wooden paddle. He also had a bottle of lube. He hadn't been teasing earlier. He was definitely in a mood. He made a big production of putting the paddle and the bottle on the glass coffee table, then he retreated to our linen closet and returned with an oversized bath towel. He was getting prepared.

So was I. My pussy pulsed, and my heart raced. He had me stand up so he

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ANAL SEX

could spread the towel across the sofa's arm and then bend me over it before taking up the paddle.

"I'm thinking five on each cheek," he said. "Then I'll fuck your asshole. And then maybe five more swats right across your sweet spot. What do you think?"

I thought I couldn't speak. But I knew he expected some type of response, so I nodded vigorously. He didn't need more of an affirmation than that. He let the paddle whoosh once in the air. I shut my eyes. Apparently, he was simply warming up. He paddled air for a few more strokes. My body tensed. Then he landed a startling blow on my right cheek. I remained silent. It would take a few more strokes to get me to moan. He evened me up with a blow on my left side. I wondered if he was counting, because I was in my head. Then he answered that question by saying, "three," then "four," and then, "five," as he spanked my smarting ass in rapid succession.

The paddle stung far more than his hand, but the pain melted deliciously into a type of feral pleasure. I felt as if I were the embodiment of the fire crackling merrily in the hearth. My body felt aglow in the same warm purple and golden colors, as if I were lit up from within.

"I've been thinking about this all week," Jay explained when he paused for a breath. "I've been imagining exactly how I was going to spank you, and how you were going to respond." He set the paddle down and unscrewed the cap on the lube. I bit my lip rather than say he'd only delivered half of the promised warm-up blows. Hadn't he told me five on each side, then the anal, then the last set? I wondered if he was simply feeling too impatient to give me the full treatment.

We have a mirror behind the mantel, and I turned my head to watch his reflection. He was slowly undressing, pulling off his black sweater, and then his T-shirt, before toeing off his loafers...

When he was naked, the light from the fire seemed to play over his burnished

skin. My entire body was warm all over now, not just my ass. I had already forgotten—at least momentarily—about the missing five spanks.

Jay hadn't.

Entirely naked, he delivered the last powerful swats. He'd simply wanted to be in the same undressed state as I was, I'd guessed. Or he'd wanted to build the level of anticipation inside me. Whatever the reason behind the pause, those five stinging spanks definitely raised my temperature. Then he handed me the paddle and said, "Hold this."

I flushed. I had to hold the paddle for him? That seemed cruel. But I held my

**"I BROUGHT ONE
HAND BETWEEN
MY LEGS AND
TRICKED MY
FINGERTIPS OVER
MY CLIT."**

tongue and obeyed, turning my head to watch as he lubed up his thick cock. He'd already told me what was going to happen. I didn't have to wonder or worry. He had spanked my supple ass. Now he was going to fuck it.

That's exactly what had happened on our first date. The spanking. The dinner. The ass-fucking. And another spanking. It was sort of our thing.

Once he had his shaft well lubed, Jay brought the bottle to the sofa and poured a stream of the slick liquid between my ass cheeks. That was the reason for the towel. He didn't want to worry about being messy, and he wanted the freedom to use as much of the slippery stuff as he desired.

"Are you ready, Melanie?" he asked. His words had a certain cadence to them, a type of musical quality. "Are you ready to feel my cock stretching your asshole wide open?"

I was. I was so ready. I arched and raised my ass, doing my best to let him know with my body how ready I was. He stood behind me and used his thumbs to peel open my cheeks. Then he waited. I knew he wanted me to answer in words, not merely motions. So I said, "Yes, Jay. I'm ready. Fuck my ass, Jay. Fuck my ass hard."

He pressed the head of his cock to my tight hole. Then he waited again. I was going out of my mind. I wanted him to plow me. I wanted him to use all of his intense power and press home. When he didn't, I took a risk and pushed backward. My asshole blossomed and welcomed him. He didn't move. So I did. I slid backward along his greased pole. He didn't take over from me. He didn't move at all. In seconds, I was taking his cock again and again. I knew Jay could feel the tight inner muscles of my body working him. I couldn't help myself. I gripped the sofa for support and fucked myself to the perfect rhythm on Jay's rod, taking exactly what I needed from him.

I moved ferociously, pulling forward until only his cockhead was left inside me, and then slamming my body back until my ass cheeks met his groin.

There was a low laugh behind me.

I paused, mid-fuck.

"I knew you couldn't help yourself," he said.

That maddening chuckle again. I wanted to keep going. I wanted to continue to pound out my pleasure, but I needed to know what was going on!

"What's so funny?"

"You got a spanking. And I promised you another one. But you didn't even wonder why you'd be getting the next one, did you?"

I held myself in check. I hadn't. He'd explained the plans for the evening. I'd



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accepted the plans. I hadn't bothered to think there was a message simmering beneath his meticulous manner.

"You took charge without asking," he said as I began my movements once more. "You're fucking *me*, aren't you?"

I was. I was working his pole. I hadn't been patient. I hadn't bothered to wait for him to give me the go-ahead. My eyes did a quick tour of the room. There was the crackling fire, the pretty lights outside, the sound of the music swelled and dipped, and then there was the reflection of the two of us in the mirror—with me looking wild-eyed as I repeatedly impaled myself on his dick.

"Yes, Jay," I managed to utter. "I'm fucking you."

"Go on," he urged. "Continue. Then I'll spank that sweet little ass for you one

more time—just like I'd promised."

The rest of the ride was different. Thinking about him punishing me once more heightened the pleasure of my ass being filled with his cock. The notion intensified every sensation. He didn't take control at any point. He let me continue to take my bliss from him. He stayed still, and I pushed forward and back. Then, when I could wait no longer, I brought one hand between my legs and tricked my fingertips over my swollen clit. I knew I was about to come, and I told Jay. I didn't ask him, because there was no time. I announced, "I'm going to...ooooohhh..." and that was that.

Jay took over then. He held my waist and thrust as quickly and powerfully as I'd ever felt him before. He pounded into me until he reached his own limit, and then

he filled my ass with the abundance of his pleasure, shooting off so deep inside me I felt his essence at my center.

We stayed locked together, panting, for several seconds. Then Jay pulled out of me and lifted the paddle once more. He still had the stamina in him to do what he'd promised. He finished the night with five blistering blows to my well-fucked bottom, and that tail end of the spanking—as it were—ricocheted me to another orgasm. Or maybe I simply hadn't stopped coming.

I cried out as the intense sensations roared through me. Then Jay took me with him to the shower, and we let the spray rain down on us as we basked in our mutual glow of total satisfaction and surrender.

With Friday nights this hot, I don't think we need to go out ever again! ☺

COLLARED

A crafty submissive's playful ruse leads to a night of profound pleasure for him and his mistress.

By Dana Cohen

You wouldn't believe my day," Freddy said as he entered the living room and hung his coat on the rack in the corner. I caught him sizing me up, and I returned the favor.

I didn't speak. My eyes were locked on the lipstick on his collar. It was very noticeable, a pale pink smear right under his chin. I looked at it, thought about how to proceed, and then stood and came toward him. Freddy was already telling me about the disastrous lunch meeting he'd had with would-be clients, but I tuned out his complaints.

I'll admit I was surprised by that little pink mark. Freddy and I have an open relationship, but we tell each other when we're going to be with another lover. Those are our rules, and we've always adhered to them. Another facet of our relationship is that I'm dominant and Freddy is submissive. A casual observer might not catch on to that fact right away. I'm a slender blonde, barely five-and-a-half feet, while he's six-foot-two, broadly built and muscular. But there is more to our relationship than what can be seen on the surface.

I hold his fantasies in my fist. He lives to please me.

"What's this?" I asked, pointing to the stain on his collar.

Freddy turned a shade of pink darker than the lipstick. There seemed to be an electric charge in the air. Something wicked was about to unfold. I felt it in my bones.

"Terry," he said, naming his executive secretary. I'd met the woman multiple times, and I wasn't jealous. At least, not exactly. But I wanted more information.

"Terry *what*?" I asked. "Terry face-planted on your shirt?"

"She was just being friendly," he said. "It wasn't a big deal. She was thanking me for something..."

"With her mouth? Did she blow you?"

He shook his head. "No, just a kiss."

"On your collar."

"Not my real collar."

His words lit a fire in me.

"Wait here," I told him. He gave me a look of desire mixed with trepidation. That look rocked me to my core. I went and

through his pants. He must not have sensed my presence—either that, or he was testing me. Either way, I was suitably annoyed by his impudence. I smacked his hand away and made him unbuckle his belt and hand it to me.

He definitely deserved to be punished, and I was the woman to do it.

I ordered him to take off the rest of his clothes, allowing him to stand while he stripped. When he removed his pants, something fell from the pocket and rolled across the carpet. I snatched the item from the floor. As soon as I had the tube in hand, I understood. It was lipstick. Pink lipstick. Freddy had colored his own collar!

I planned on having fun with this. What a delicious little revelation!

"Tell me about Terry," I said teasingly.

He balked. To me it seemed he was trying to figure out what words would please me. Should he paint a picture that would turn me on, or should he tell me the truth? That's how I interpreted his hesitation.

"Tell me," I insisted, slapping his ass with the belt one time. He gasped and flinched, and my pussy released a little burst of wetness.

I faced him, studying his features and watching him war with his thoughts for another long moment.

"Nothing happened," he said. "Honestly. She must have smeared her lipstick when she kissed my cheek. Or something like that. She was grateful because I told her she could clock out early."

"Cock out?"

He shook his head.

"No, clock out," he repeated forcefully. "She was going to meet her boyfriend. Really, Dana. Nothing happened."

I knew what he said was a lie and decided to torment him mercilessly.

"SPEAKING WAS BECOMING EVER MORE DIFFICULT FOR HIM, WHICH GAVE ME A CHARGE."

snagged Freddy's slave collar from my jewelry box and returned to buckle the strip of leather around his neck. His cock was already tenting his slacks. He must have guessed what my response would be when I'd discovered the lipstick.

"On your knees," I demanded. "Now."

He dropped to the floor and awaited my next command.

I used a scarf for a blindfold and had him face the corner while I prepared myself. In the bedroom, I put on one of my favorite catsuits, made of shiny black rubber. The outfit awakens the domme in me and makes me feel supremely sexy.

When I returned to my kneeling mate, I saw him massaging his erect cock

I adore reducing my hunky take-charge boyfriend to a helpless plaything. All day long, he bosses other people around in the office. What would his employees think if they knew what he was like at home? How he lives to serve? How he yearns to kiss the soles of my shoes, to crawl after me on his hands and knees, to bury his face in my pussy and lap at my clit until I tell him to stop?

I attached a leash to his collar and took him for a walk down the hallway, ready to get our playdate underway in a more serious fashion. Every few paces, I used his own doubled-up leather belt to stripe his haunches. He was already totally enthralled, his mind tipping into ecstatic sub space. It was a beautiful sight.

When we finally arrived in the bedroom, I rubbed my body against his, teasing him with the slippery sensation of my latex-clad form. The crystal chandelier above us made rainbows on the walls, and the reflected light bounced against my shiny catsuit. However, Freddy could see none of that as his vision was still blocked by the blindfold. He kept whispering to me over and over that nothing had happened between him and his scrumptious blonde secretary.

"I believe you," I assured him. "But tell me what you *want* to happen with her. Every single detail. What happens in your head when you dream about her, you dirty, dirty boy."

As I spoke, I bound him to our bed frame by cuffing each wrist. He was splayed out for me, his cock pointed at the ceiling. I slid on a pair of elbow-length velvet gloves and began to stroke his straining dick. He sucked in his breath as I cupped his balls with one hand while caressing the slit in his cockhead with the thumb of the other. He was quickly getting lost in a hazy world of pleasure. Speaking was becoming ever more difficult for him, which gave me a charge of excitement.

"I don't know," he started slowly. "I've never thought about it before."



VARIATIONS

▾ FEMALE DOMINATION



“Liar!” I spat, releasing his dick. He immediately raised his hips, trying to find my hand once more. I went to our dresser and pulled open the top drawer. The sound told him I was up to something. He had a basic idea of the supplies within. I grabbed a butt plug and a new pair of gloves, swapping the velvet for latex before lubing up my fingertips and toying with his pucker. Freddy jolted at my touch, his body stiffening as I worked my slickened fingers in and out of his back hole.

I leaned down and took the tip of his cock between my lips, surprising him so much that he exclaimed, “I picture you topping us both!”

That was better. That was my Freddy, living to serve in so many ways. He was giving me precisely what I craved, a filthy

story I could latch on to. I let him feel the lubed-up butt plug pressing against his hole for a second before I rammed it inside, making him groan. Then I used my gloved hand to resume my stroke job in his cock. Freddy made a low humming sound in his throat as he was tormented front and back.

As I worked him, I thought of the last time I’d taken charge of him and another lover. We’d invited one of his bowling buddies over for dinner, and afterward, I’d put both men in their place. Jake had eagerly accepted when Freddy had offered the invitation to play. I think he’d already figured out I was the one who wore the pants in the family—even if my pants were adorned with rhinestones.

“I imagine you topping both of us,” Freddy continued to babble. “The two

**“I LEANED DOWN
AND TOOK THE
TIP OF HIS COCK
BETWEEN MY
LIPS, SURPRISING
HIM.”**

of us naked and submissive. You taking turns punishing and pleasing us. I think about you using a flogger on her and then on me, back and forth between the two of us, daring either of us to come without your permission. Promising a reward to whoever manages to obey you the longest.”

“Are you blindfolded?” I asked. “I mean, in your daydreams.”

Of course he was blindfolded at that moment. I smiled to myself.

“Sometimes,” he admitted. “Other times you make me watch. You tie me to a chair, and I see everything. I’m helpless and can’t touch my cock—but I’m still on the verge of climaxing anyway.”

I could easily picture the scene. “Then what?”

“I come without your permission, and you fuck me with your strap-on.”

He had put some thought into this fantasy. I was enjoying myself more and more as he continued to spill his sexy confessions. I noticed his dick was leaking pre-come and his breathing was erratic. My pet, my darling, my Freddy was turning himself on with his own story! His arousal fed mine.

“Does she watch me fuck you? Does she see me buckle on the harness and bend you over?”

“Yes,” he said, his voice barely a whisper. I could have leaned in closer to hear him better—except that’s not my style.

"Speak up!" I demanded, tugging his balls for emphasis.

"Yes! But sometimes she's blindfolded, listening to the sounds that you and I make, knowing her turn is coming up next. That you're going to use the strap-on to plow her pussy or maybe even her asshole."

I appreciated all of the erotic images he was painting for me, so I rewarded him again by bobbing my mouth on his cock once more, taking him even deeper. He sighed and bucked his hips on the mattress, desperate for more.

But I was feeling impatient, too. I needed some gratification of my own. I released his dick from my lips, then unzipped the crotch of the catsuit before climbing astride him. One thigh was on either side of his hips, and I slowly impaled myself on his erect cock, gradually taking him from tip to base. As I descended, he held himself entirely still, as if he was worried that even a simple flinch on his part would make me stop what I was doing and withhold his release.

I didn't want that, and he didn't want that. Pleasure was my number-one goal for the evening. But that didn't mean I'd give up the game of being his domme.

From my position, I had unfettered access to his nipples. First, I pinched them both at the same time, making him bite his bottom lip. Then I tugged on his nubs, and he let loose with a little bark, a yip of pain tinged with erotic delight that thrilled me to my wicked core. What was next for Freddy's nipples? My mouth, of course. I leaned forward and captured one between my teeth. He bucked upward, lifting his hips—and me—into the air. I freed his nipple long enough to warn him to stay still.

"Behave," I hissed, "or suffer the consequences."

Freddy apologized profusely. "I'm sorry, Mistress. I couldn't help myself, Mistress. You feel so fucking good, Mistress."

I smiled because he couldn't see my face with the blindfold in place. I love



VARIATIONS

▾ FEMALE DOMINATION

when he's at that stage, willing to do whatever I say, whatever I want.

I resumed my torture of his nipples, now capturing the other one and bestowing the same cruel treatment I'd given its mate. This time, Freddy didn't move or beg or lift me in the air, but his breathing stuttered. His supplication turned me on intensely, and my pussy tightened and released on his powerful pole as spasms of pleasure wracked my body.

**"I IMPALED
MYSELF ON HIS
ERECT COCK,
GRADUALLY
TAKING HIM FROM
TIP TO BASE."**

When I could wait no longer, I slid off him and cleaned his cock with my tongue, lapping up my own flavorful juices, a rare act. Often I leave him in the cold while I wring my satisfaction from him. But that night, with the lights playing over his supine form, his wrists cuffed over his head and his blindfold in place, I was touched by the sight of his total submission.

He was a thing of beauty.

That didn't mean I let him climax. The night was just beginning. We had many different methods to pass the time before I would allow him to shoot.

Swiftly, I swiveled around into a 69. Freddy could have guessed what I wanted; my pussy was poised above his mouth, after all. He had to sense my proximity and smell the scent of my arousal. But he was well behaved. He didn't lick me. He didn't suck me. He didn't make any move at all. He was still and silent, waiting for my next command.

I pushed my pussy against his lips. He did not flinch.

I ground my snatch against his face. He was immobile.

"Lick me," I finally demanded. That was all he needed to hear. He aggressively worked his tongue between my nether lips, nuzzling his nose against me and butting me with his chin, before thrusting his tongue in deep to savor my fragrant dew.

I decided to play a game of punishment and reward. When he made me feel particularly good, I circled his cockhead with my tongue. If he ramped up my pleasure even higher, I let him feel my wet lips slide along the length of his shaft. But if he somehow missed the mark and left me yearning, I tugged on his balls and pushed on the plug in his ass.

He cottoned on quickly to what I was doing. Soon, we were in tandem, him treating my clit as if it were the sweetest piece of candy and me delivering a blissful blowjob.

Then I got off, but he didn't. Not yet anyway.

Such is the life of a sub. I jammed my cunt against his face, and my thighs tightened around his head as my body quaked. I writhed atop him as I rode out the waves of my pleasure. He was stoic in his mastery of his own release, staving off his orgasm with the type of finesse that takes years to master.

He's had years. Trust me.

I fell at his side on the mattress. Explosions of excitement were still pinging through me. Freddy didn't say a word. His poor cock twitched, but that was it. Again, I smiled to myself. *Good boy*, I thought. Then I said the words aloud. Upon hearing the compliment, Freddy's cock did more than twitch. It positively twanged.

"You're such a good boy. I'll let you choose your reward."

I pulled the blindfold from his eyes and looked down at him. He stared up at me, and I saw hope in his eyes.

"You have two choices," I explained. As I spoke, I stroked his cock. I sensed the warring factions inside him. He was trying





his best to pay attention, but my toying with his dick was making thinking difficult for him. That didn't make me stop. I live to torment him, after all.

"What are my choices, Mistress?"

"Choice one"—I gave his dick a firm tug—"I get to fuck you." I emphasized this choice by pushing on the plug in his ass, so he'd understand those words meant I'd be pounding his ass. Then I continued, saying, "Choice two is that *you* get to fuck *me*."

I watched the changing expressions of his face. Freddy seemed to be weighing one option against the other and wondering if there was some sort of ulterior motive behind either or both. As if he was waiting for the other dirty shoe to drop. Then he finally said, "Please, Mistress, may I fuck your pussy?"

I unlocked his cuffs before saying, "You may."

But Freddy didn't make any advance, awaiting my next instruction. Fucking me could mean so many things. Maybe I'd climb on board his cock in a reverse cowgirl and demand he buck his cock up into me. Maybe I'd want to be taken missionary style.

I enjoyed making him wait. Especially, since I'd already reached my first orgasm. I wasn't as jacked up as he was, but despite that, he maintained his poker face.

"How would you like me to do you?" he asked.

I have spent so many evenings training him. I've gotten him to the exact place I love best: totally committed to my pleasure.

"I'm feeling magnanimous this evening. Tell me how you want me," I said, waiting for him to speak.

Freddy seemed as if he could hardly believe his good luck. He positioned me on all fours and got behind me. He still had that plug in his ass, though. So with every thrust, he would know who was really in charge, with every shift of his hips or thrust of his cock, he would know I was the one holding the reins—or the leash, as it were.

He eased the tip of his cock inside my pussy. I was still wet from the beautiful job he'd done eating me out earlier. His big, fat dick slipped inside me without hesitation. Then he found a rhythm that worked for both of us. I could sense how turned on he was, and yet I also knew in my heart he wouldn't get off before he brought me to another orgasm. That's my boy.

"May I touch your pussy?" he asked breathlessly.

"You may," I answered, trying to mask my own excitement.

Freddy brought his hand to my split and crested my clit with three fingers. I nearly hummed with pleasure. Just that

one touch brought me a soothing wave of bliss, but then it got even better. He pushed those fingertips hard against me, rotating them with the perfect amount of pressure as he worked me the way I've taught him.

He stroked me to perfection as he pumped his cock in and out of me, making my arousal spiral upward at an ever-increasing rate. I tried to silence my cries, but the moment was too perfect and my feelings too intense to hide as my climax rushed over me. I came loudly, shouting and shivering. I managed to give him permission to join me, and seconds later, he shot his warm cream into my spasming pussy.

I pulled forward and turned to look at him, saying, "I know you put that lipstick on yourself."

His mouth opened and shut as he struggled to form a response.

There was no way I could be angry. His little ruse had sparked a gloriously sexy night.

"But next time you come home with lipstick on your collar," I continued, "you'd better bring home a girl who left it there."

He laughed and kissed me, promising to follow my order to the letter.

I was certain I'd spy lipstick on his collar again before too many days had passed—and I couldn't wait! ☺

SIZING HER UP

For reasons I didn't understand, my coworker Joanna insisted I go shopping with her. I know nothing about clothes—and even less about what chicks like—but she's hot, so I agreed. And, boy, am I glad I did!

I wandered around the store while she made her selections, and when I got bored, I headed back to the dressing room to see how much longer she'd be. I knocked on the door to her stall, and she said, "Come on in."

So I did—only to catch her entirely nude.

I turned around quickly, shocked that I'd just seen Joanna naked. It was a first, that's for sure. I'd ogled her in a pair of ripped black leggings when we'd worked together one weekend. I'd also once been to her house on a sweltering summer day to pick up paperwork; she'd opened the door in short-shorts and a candy-colored halter top. Very sexy. But short-shorts are entirely different from no shorts at all.

This was Joanna—hot blonde Joanna—totally 100% naked. The image was searing into my brain, and my dick felt like it was going to get out of control quickly. Already it was aching hard.

"What's wrong?" she asked, but her tone of voice was teasing. "You don't like what you see?"

Even though I was turned away from her, I could still see everything because the dressing room was mirrored on all sides. I was facing the reflection of myself, but also seeing her standing behind me. Still naked.

"I do. I do like it," I stammered. That was the truth. I liked what I saw, and I wanted to do more than simply look. I wanted to turn around and touch her. I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her pink lips and hold her ponytail in one hand while I...

"Then what's the problem?"

"I thought you brought me with you for my opinion."

"I did," she insisted, and she put her hand on my arm and forced me to

face her. "Do I look better like this?" she splayed herself for me. Her petal-pink pussy was shiny and wet. "Or like this?" She faced away and parted her ass cheeks. My dick was at full mast at this point.

"Todd," she said, and I recognized her slightly exasperated tone. It was one she used in the office when she was frustrated. She all but tapped her foot at me.

"Both," I said.

"Choose one."

"Only one?"

"To start with, silly."

"Well, then how about this instead?"

I pushed her to her knees. She had started this game, but there was no way I was going to play by her rules.

Joanna didn't seem to have a problem with the turn of events. She opened my slacks and pulled out my erection, and in seconds I was getting the blowjob of my life. She sucked like a pro. Was it because we might get caught at any moment that I found myself so turned on? Or was it because I'd been nursing a crush on Joanna for two years and had never made the first move? I had no idea. In fact, most of my thoughts had dissolved into a type of low, ecstatic white noise in my brain. Joanna was sucking my cock to the root, cupping my balls and tugging them gently. She even reached back to finger that soft patch between my sac and my asshole.

She paused for breath and gazed up at me. "You like that?"

"Oh, yeah," I told her.

"I want to please you. Show me exactly what you like."

With that, I started thrusting into her open, willing mouth while watching reflections of ourselves in the many mirrors. In no time I was teetering on the brink of orgasm. She seemed to sense that subtle shift in me because she pulled back once more.

"Wait," she said. "Don't let go yet. Let's make this last for a while longer."



“I SLOTTED MY COCKHEAD BETWEEN HER PUSSY LIPS. SHE WAS HOT AND SLICK.”

Joanna stood and kissed me, and then she said, “I’ve been fantasizing about different ways to let you know I liked you.”

“I see you decided on a direct approach.”

“Well, I tried all the rest,” she said. “I showed up at work that Saturday in those shredded leggings and you didn’t even bat your eyes.”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” I told her. “I couldn’t get any work done. All I wanted to do was tear those pants off you!”

“And then I had you pick up the papers at my house...”

“And you were wearing those short-shorts!” I said. “You wouldn’t believe the trouble that caused me. I could hardly drive home. My dick was like a tent pole.”

“I didn’t think you wanted me.”

“Oh, I want you all right. I want you bad.”

She was facing away from me again. I bent her forward and gripped her by the hips. She wriggled against me enticingly as I slotted my cockhead between her pussy lips. She was hot and slick and everything I’d ever wanted.

“Those shorts haunted me,” I told her. “And that top you were wearing.”

“The striped halter top?”

“I imagined pulling it down, or up...off. I couldn’t decide which way.”

“So you were fantasizing about me while I was fantasizing about you,” she said. “Isn’t that always the way?”



I thumbed her asshole while thrusting into her cunt, and I had a thought. “Is there even an event you need clothes for?”

She shook her head. Her long ponytail flicked back and forth.

“The only events in my future,” she said smugly, “involve you and me. Naked. Every chance we get.”

I fucked her hard and fast and thought to myself, *I’m good with that.*

Joanna completely surrendered at that point and let me take her as hard and fast as I needed. As I plunged my dick into her again and again, I recalled all the sexy images of her I had stored in my memory. I couldn’t believe I was dick-deep in the woman of my dreams—who had apparently been hot for me, too!

This was our first encounter, but I knew it wouldn’t be our last. I clutched her hips tightly as I pounded out the last moments of my pleasure. Just before my climax hit, she reached a hand between her thighs and started to stroke her clit. I felt her passage tighten around my pistoning cock, making an awesome experience even more intense. A harsh cry fell from her lips as her orgasm overwhelmed her, and her spasming pussy massaged me indecently, kicking

my climax into high gear.

I jammed my hips forward and yanked her toward me, pumping her full of cream and thinking how glad I was that I’d agreed to go shopping that day.

I was able to pick up the thing I’d need most: her.

—T.R., Minneapolis, Minnesota

ORDERING IN

My wife, Mona, loves to order off the menu. She has a certain way of making her requests that makes others want to please her. I appreciate the finesse and gusto with which she approaches her all of her appetites, so I wasn’t surprised when she said, “I’d like *her* for dessert.” I turned my head to see she was indicating the lovely waitress who’d served us all evening at the hotel’s fancy restaurant. “What do you think, Tony?”

“I have no doubt you’ll be licking her juices off your lips within the hour,” I said, leaving the table to give Mona the privacy she’d need to wrangle the young woman. I was certain she’d

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD

bring the bombshell with her to our room before long, but I had the solo ride in the elevator to imagine how she might accomplish the deed. She'd been flirtatious all evening, and the waitress had seemed to encourage her advances. I hardly had the door to our room shut before Mona was opening it again.

"She'll be up in 20," she said. "She's going to duck out early."

"That was quick."

"You know me."

I did, and I admired the way that

**"THE WOMEN
TOOK TURNS
TONGUING MY
COCK. THIS WAS
ECSTASY, PLAIN
AND SIMPLE."**

Mona prepared, throwing off the comforter, pulling down the sheets and then stripping down to her slip while leaving on her high heels.

"Where would you like me?" I asked, curious where the night was headed. Though I was always happy to let my Mona lead.

"I assumed you'd be the filling in our delicious sandwich," she said to my delight. "How's that sound to you?"

That was a question I didn't need to answer.

There was a knock right then. I beamed at her and went to open the door. There stood our waitress, looking slightly disheveled, as if she'd raced up the back stairs. Her cheeks were rosy and pink, her mouth hungry and open.

"I've never..." she stammered as I

ushered her inside with a smile.

"No worries," Mona told her. "We have."

In moments, I found myself naked and between two beautiful women—my wife and her crush of the evening. The waitress told us her name was Sally and assured us she didn't make it a practice of fucking the guests. But she couldn't resist. With Mona, few can.

"I told her I wanted all three of us to have fun," Mona said as she stroked my muscled chest. "So I thought Sally could sit on your face while I ride your cock."

Apparently, I was the one getting dessert!

The strawberry blonde didn't seem to have a problem with Mona's plan at all. She swiveled her pert body so she was

facing my wife, and then she settled herself atop my mouth. I tongued her juicy split slowly at first. This was my initial taste of her, and I wanted to take my time.

But Mona didn't. She wanted to go fast.

I could have guessed that. My wife is rarely patient in the bedroom. Although I couldn't see her, I definitely felt the welcoming sensation as she slammed her pussy down on me, sinking to the root. I groaned, and the sound must have reverberated through Sally, who now got more comfortable astride my face and began grinding against my lips. I pictured the two women—what they might be doing—although I was beautifully blinded by Sally's heavenly ass.



Mona was probably pinching the waitress's nipples. Possibly, the two women were kissing. But then Mona slid off my body, and I felt a warm mouth descend onto my dick.

Then I could suddenly see as Sally slid away from me. The two women took turns tonguing my cock. This was ecstasy, plain and simple. Chocolate fondue or whatever dessert had been on the menu couldn't top this! Sally worked me beautifully until Mona pushed her aside. I announced I was nearing climax, and Mona used her hand to jack me off until I spurted into the air. Then the women fought for the right to lick my chest clean of my cream.

After that, the duo decided to dine on one another, while I watched breathlessly and strove to regain my sense of decorum—or at least my breath.

Sally slid her lips across Mona's mound. My wife moaned and arched, demanding more and more pleasure with her words and her body until her orgasm erupted, and then she eagerly returned the favor.

Ordering off the menu has always suited Mona's appetite, and I was pleased, as always, to have been invited to the feast.

—T.R., Miami, Florida

MATCHED SET

I didn't tell my girlfriend, Shelley, that I liked to wear her clothes when she wasn't around because I never thought she'd be into cross-dressing. I also didn't want to scare her away. I'd always kept my cross-dressing a secret. This wasn't difficult. I simply indulged in my private fetish on nights when I was alone.

She is the first girl I've ever lived with, and I found staying out of her closet to

be almost impossible. All those fancy outfits, pretty sweaters and dresses made of stretchy jersey. I'd never believed all that would be so close to my fingers—or body. So whenever Shelley went out on the weekend with her girlfriends, or if she was late at the office, I'd slide on one outfit or another from her extensive wardrobe.

We weren't exactly the same size, of course. But we're tall—she's five-foot-nine and I'm nearly six feet—and we're both slim with long legs. Anything that had a little spandex worked for me. I soon discovered favorites: one black dress that hit her at the knees and me at the mid-thighs, a few ethereal blouses with billowy sleeves and low-cut necklines, flowing skirts with elastic waistbands. I indulged in her scarves, her stockings, even her underwear. I loved the way the fabrics felt against my body. I would walk around in her satin tap pants or lacy boy shorts, appreciating the subtle caress of beautiful material against my skin.

Some nights, I applied makeup, too:

eye shadow, lipstick, blush. Shelley had quite the collection, and I would open up a fashion magazine and do my best to emulate the pictures I saw there. A little highlighter on my cheekbones, a sparkle of glittery dust on my collarbone. Then I'd admire myself in the mirror before jacking off to my own reflection.

But during one of my dress-up nights, Shelley came home early.

I heard her key in the lock and froze. *Strip! My brain demanded. Take it all off! Jump in the shower! Quick! Run!*

But there was no way for me to hide what I'd been doing. Every so often, she'd come home while I had on a pair of her underwear beneath my jeans. But this was different. I was wearing her leopard-print formfitting cocktail dress. My hair was teased into spikes so different from my normal style. And I'd applied a full face of makeup. I even had on one of her favorite perfumes, a subtle orange-blossom fragrance—perfect for spring.

Shelley looked...well, surprised.



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD



She opened her mouth, and then shut it again. It was as if she'd been completely robbed of her voice. I winced. What was she going to say? Perhaps: Get out of my dress! Get out of my life!

"Get over here," she said instead. Not what I'd expected at all.

"What?"

"I thought you were wearing my clothes, Ricky. But I had no idea that you'd look so...so good in them."

"Why are you home early?" I managed to stammer. She was gazing at me with her big brown eyes. Her hair was loose and wild. When she goes to work, she pins back those unruly curls. But for nights out with friends, she lets her corkscrews free.

"It was a dull night. I decided I'd rather spend it with you than listen to Josie complain about her boyfriend."

I was happy to hear that, but then I had to ask: "What do you mean that you thought I was wearing your clothes? How could you tell?"

The evening was progressing way too fast for me to keep up.

"You don't hang things back the way I do," she explained matter-of-factly as she stroked my body. "You try. It's obvious. You try to put things back the way they were. But I have a special way of organizing my clothes."

My cock had been semi-hard throughout the evening as I'd paraded in one outfit after another. But now, with Shelley's obvious admiration and approval, my dick was at full mast.

"You're so sexy," she said. "I just hadn't...I don't know. I hadn't imagined the full effect." She stopped touching me for a moment and stepped back, as if she wanted to take in the whole of me. I posed automatically, the way I often did in front of the mirror on the back of the closet door. I cocked a hip like a model. Shelley giggled.

"Why didn't you say?" I asked her. "Why didn't you tell me you knew what I've been doing all this time?"

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"I wasn't sure how you'd react."

She came into my arms. I held her tight. She wriggled her body against mine, and I knew she was feeling my erection through my dress and hers. My cock had been paying attention to the conversation as carefully as the rest of me had.

"How's this for reacting?" she queried as she made the most of the connection between the two of us. I swallowed hard. She was going to make me shoot off in her panties if she kept wriggling against me like that, and I told her so.

She got me on the bed and took off her own clothes, then curled up next to me and began to stroke me through the dress and the panties. My cock was trapped in the finery, pressed up against my belly. She manhandled me through both layers of fabric until I was on the very verge of exploding.

"Baby," I said, "I'm going to make a mess..."

To my relief, she shoved the dress up past my waist, and we both watched as my trapped cock did its best to burst out of the undergarments.

"Take them off," I begged her.

"In a moment," she promised me. But first, she kissed me through the sheer underwear. My hips pounded against the mattress. She laughed again, a pretty tinkling sound, and then slid the knickers down and off. "We'll have to get you shoes," she said, noting my bare feet. "I know we're not the same size. I want to see you dressed as a woman from head to toe."

I nodded, thinking how great it would be to go shopping with her. To have her help me with my look.

But she was helping me in an even better way at that moment, wrapping her fist around my rod and closing her soft lips over the tip as she began to blow me. I was close to the finish line, and I told her. Usually, I'd never stop one of her world-class blowjobs. But

“SHE BEGAN TO BLOW ME. I WAS CLOSE TO THE FINISH LINE, AND I TOLD HER.”

I wanted my cock buried in her pussy, and I feared that I didn't have long before I came.

She understood and straddled me, her hands stroking my chest through the dress as her pussy enveloped my rigid dick. Then she squeezed where my tits should be and said, “You're not wearing the matching bra.”

I shook my head.

“We'll take you lingerie shopping,” she promised. “We'll go together, pick out the best bras, the ones with extra padding.”

I bucked into her, bouncing her into the air.

“Then we'll do your makeup and get you a wig.” She was almost panting. I wanted her to continue. I was captivated by the story she was spinning for the two of us. “Just imagine if we went out together to the bar. I think you might be able to pass as a lady. With a little work, you know. With a little effort.”

I thought of the nights I'd been by myself, struggling to recreate the images I saw in the fashion magazines. I remembered rushing to wipe off the makeup before Shelley got home, using her cotton balls and makeup remover and hiding the color-saturated cotton in the trash beneath discarded tissues. I didn't have to hide any longer. She and I would be open with each other. And



that was going to mean pleasure in a way I'd never even allowed myself to imagine before.

“There's this two-piece outfit in my closet,” she said, rocking her hips and grinding against me. “It's black and stretchy. I know it will fit you. In fact, I kind of thought about you when I bought it.”

I knew exactly which outfit she was talking about. I hadn't tried it because the tags were still on. But I'd admired it longingly.

“How did you learn how to do your makeup so well?” she asked, running one finger along my bottom lip. She was surely smearing my lipstick, but I didn't care. I wanted her to smear me. I wanted her to kiss me so that I was wearing her lipstick and she was wearing mine.

“Your magazines,” I sighed, “and videos online.”

As she described the way we'd go out together on dates, as two

girlfriends having a night on the town, I reached the end of my control. I told her I was coming as the first blast of cream jetted out of my dick. She shuddered and stroked her clit, climaxing along with me.

“It's going to be so sexy,” she sighed as she fell into my arms. “The two of us.”

She ran her hand over my leopard-clad figure, and I felt grateful that my love of her clothes and her love for me fit so neatly together. Like a foot in a shoe, a hand in a glove, a pair of panties and the matching top.

—R.R., Los Angeles, California

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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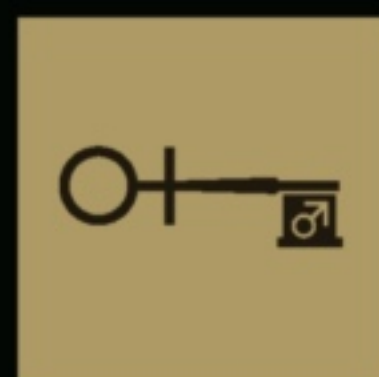
libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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